THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WATCHING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

They laugh and jest on the pleasant lawn,
While I sit in this lonely room,
Concealed from the sun wherein they walk
By the woodbine's restless gloom.
Through the open doors I see them pass,
And none so much younger than I—
Yet 'twixt me and them more than a life—
Ages and worlds in darkness lie.

Out in the hall too I see a face
With the features relaxed in sleep;
It is my husband's—oh, that my heart
Should shiver thus instead of leap!
He dreams in the August afternoon—
I watch, as patient wives must do—
In speaking reach—though no bridge could span
The fearful void between us two.

Why did I marry him? They urged me on
For the sake of my sister May,
And my brave young brother, the sailor boy,
Who was drowned on my wedding day.
But May is blooming and lives with me—
Well for her peace she cannot know
How I gave my youth to save her here—
Was it years or ages ago?

Even my husband can smile upon her!
Would I could feel she loved me best;
I irk her so with my faded face
That even my love is made a jest.
Look, she is standing beneath that tree,
But not left a moment alone—
There is a face like faces I saw
When I had young dreams of my own.

Turning away, but I see the red
Tremble across her glowing cheek—
Oh I must be mad to stop my ears
At any word that he can speak!
Just a month since he came to us here—
I have been dreaming or mad since then—
Now I see clearly, he loves our May,
And she, yes she, loves Arnold Glenn!

It was love of her that made him kind—
How could my heart mislead me so!
But for this waking, where I had sunk,
Only God and His angels know.
O, the weary stretch of years beyond—
The dismal waiting to grow old—
The building an icy tomb of pride
To freeze my heart within its cold!

Was that my husband calling my name?—
No, dreaming of houses or lands,
He recks not whereto it has drifted,
The fate that he grasped in his hands.
I must go to him, but not in words
Can my shame and my penitence be—
Only the merciful Christ in Heaven
Has pity for sinners like me!

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XI.

HILDA CONROY ON LIFE.

"Well! this is awfully nice!"

Thus Hilda Conroy, from the depths of the coziest arm-chair in one of a suite of apartments in Claridge's Hotel, which apartments for the moment belonged to Miss Armytage, of Armytage Park.

Hilda had been "dropped" from the family landau at the door of Claridge's, and the landau had then rolled away to the Horticultural *Fete* with Mrs. Conroy and her elder daughter Gwendoline, supplemented by Miss Ursula and Claris. Miss Hilda had been provided as entertainment in the meantime for Olive, whom it had not been convenient to include in the other arrangement. And Hilda, at all events, was perfectly satisfied with a plan which rescued her from the unpalatable jurisdiction of her French governess, to which her not-yet-come-out condition subjected her.

"This is quite jolly!" Another expressive edition of Hilda's satisfaction with her present circumstances. "When mamma told me I was to come here to-day, I exclaimed, 'The only person in London I should care to be *tete-a tete* with for a whole afternoon.'"

"Then, for the sake of my future credit," replied Olive, "I hope you have brought your work. I could not hope to survive the test if altogether unmitigated, you know."

"Work!" repeated the nineteenth-century young lady, "I never do any. I hate and abominate every variety of the process. Mademoiselle tries to entice me with '*broderie charmante*,' and every possible entanglement of beads, and silks, and flowers '*ravissantes*,' but she can't make any impression upon me."

"Here is Claris's photographic album—or will you read? Here are the *Cornhill* and the first volume of a new novel."

"Thanks; no. How could you think I would so waste my opportunities? I want to talk. I delight in talking, and it is not very often I can indulge my taste. Gwendoline doesn't listen; mamma is very apt to tell me to be quiet; and mademoiselle likes to do it all herself. Reading is very nice, but I shall have plenty of time for *that* as I go home. I brought a book with me for the purpose. Called at the library for it as I passed. Mamma will be sleepy, and Gwendoline will be thinking, and won't talk; and it's a long drive under those circumstances. So I have the *Queen of the Ball-room* for my private delectation. The man offered me *Rome and the Romans*—a ponderous volume bound in dusky red—almost insisted on my taking it, in fact; said that Miss Ellison, my English governess, had had put it by for me. 'My good man,' I said at last, 'I assure you I have not the least intention of improving my mind at that rate.' Miss Ellison may inflict every one of the Romans upon me on her Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; but I intend to study the moderns all the other days in the week. And to-day I mean to study *you*."

"I am afraid you will find the Romans more improving."

"Oh, no, I sha'n't. If you only knew how sick I am of education! Mamma has a crack on that point. She made us learn German and French in the nursery. We choked down 'all the 'ologies' with our school-room bread-and-butter; we have been crammed, and lectured, and talked science to ever since we were as high as the table. Miss Ellison—who is a whole university of learning herself, and if she had been a man, would have had all the alphabet after her name—tells me every day that what I have gone through is only the foundation of my education, upon which I am to build a superstructure worthy of her and of myself. She has made me a list of books, the corner-stones of the edifice, not one of which I mean to look into. I shudder at the sight of every volume that hasn't a library ticket outside. It's my private opinion that the reason why Gwendoline is so dull and uninterested about everything, is, that she was stuffed and taught till every bit of her mind and energy got used up."

"At least you do not appear to have suffered in the same way," Olive remarked.

"No, because I am not such a good sort of a girl as Gwendoline. All the masters and mistresses consider her a pattern pupil. *I* don't drink of the Castalian spring deep enough to make my head dizzy. I swallow it in doses, like German mineral waters, and make a face afterwards. But I want to talk to you about Gerald Thynne. Do you like him?"

Olive was thankful that she had long since learned to command her countenance. She guessed, and rightly, that this precocious young lady would have been quick to mark and interpret any indication of feeling.

"Yes, of course." And she looked Hilda bravely in the face.

"Oh, not at all 'of course,'" dissented that young person. "You *might* not, you know. I think, as a rule, one's relations are the most disagreeable persons one knows; and so one's relations that are to be are not necessarily charming. The duke is perfectly delighted with his new niece, though. He came in this morning whilst we were at breakfast, and talked of nothing else. I was sure he would admire that Raphaelesque style of beauty. He is an artist, you know. The duchess is enchanted too, and she is more difficult. *Do* you like her?"

"A morning call and a dinner-party hardly furnish opportunity enough for judging," Olive sententiously replied.

"Don't they? How different you are to me! *I* always know the first quarter of an hour whether I shall like a person or not. I made up my mind about you directly, and I have taken an awful fancy to you." And Hilda looked as Queen Victoria might on conferring the Victoria Cross. "Mamma says she never saw me so enthusiastic about any one before. I despise enthusiasm as a rule, and I scorn young ladies who call each other 'dear,' and make wonderful friendships, and go about holding each other's hands. Don't you?"

Olive laughed.

"I like enthusiasm," she replied, "although I am afraid yours is misplaced. You had better keep it for the Romans."

"Oh, don't, please," cried Hilda, holding up her hands in comic deprecation: "let me be happy whilst I can. I'm not going to encourage those people, as Mrs. Spiers, mamma's country housekeeper, said to me once. I found her in the school-room, with my classical dictionary in her hand. I asked her how she liked it. 'Dear me, miss,' she said, 'what a lot of wicked old heathens those gods and goddesses were, to be sure! I wonder you young ladies like to encourage them.' But what were we talking about? Oh, the duchess and Gerald. Fancy his marrying a beauty after all! *I'm* not a bit surprised, but everybody else *is*. When he talks all that pretty stuff about a 'fireside face,' and the 'calm happiness of home,' and described his ideal wife—as unlike me as possible, of course—something between a lay-sister and one of Sydney Smith's country parson's daughters, you know, 'full of bread-and-butter and catechism,' I said to myself, 'That young man will be taken in and thoroughly done for by the very first clever, dashing girl who meets with him and thinks it worth her while. Your young man of simple unsophisticated tastes always is. But I really didn't quite expect him to outrun my most sanguine expectations in this way. A beauty and an heiress, and a finished woman of the world, all in one! Oh, Gerald! It really *is* funny."

Olive's heart contracted with a sharp pang. What a tragedy of murdered hope and love this careless chatter of Hilda's represented to her! None could know better than she—and a rush of sweet but dangerous memories told her so—what a rich argosy of noble trust, of true and tender aspirations, was here bearing on to shipwreck. And the fate of her own little bark, drawn as it was into the eddying swell of this larger destruction, had no part in the bitter agony of lament which swept over the faithful heart, while Hilda rattled on, unconscious and unheeding. Such tragedies were common enough in her world; they were not called tragedies there. Men and women laughed, and danced, and sang over such graves—a whole cemetery of them—as ruined lives and cast-away faith, and dressed the skeleton ghost in gay apparel, and never lifted the silken bravery to show the ghastly bones beneath.

"Well," laughed Hilda, "Gerald will have to drop the Arcadian *menage*."

"Why?" Olive asked, forced to say something, hardly knowing what she said.

"How deliciously young you are!" cried Hilda, raising her handsome eyebrows. "It's quite refreshing. You don't mind me saying so, do you?"

"Not in the least," replied Olive drily. "I rather like it."

"Don't you know," Hilda went on patronisingly, "that when a man marries a beauty, he doesn't expect her to turn out a 'household angel?' He knows he can't get inconsistent advantages. If he pays a thousand guineas for a horse, he doesn't expect it to sing; or if he gives a whole fortune for a Rubens, as Lord Hardy did the other day, he doesn't expect it to win the Derby. A beauty is a beauty, you know, and not a wife."

Olive *didn't* know, and was courageous enough to say so.

"Goodness!" cried Hilda, rather irrelevantly, as it seemed to Olive, "can't you see that a beauty is a sort of public character? How can she be supposed to support a private one at the same time in equal perfection? No reasonable man expects anything of the sort. He is quite satisfied to have achieved distinction as the man who married 'the beautiful Miss So-and-so.' Just as Lord Hardy, who was the most insignificant lord in London six months ago, is now an envied celebrity as 'the man who has got that Rubens.'"

Olive's eyes flashed, greatly to the amusement of her companion.

"You are the dearest, freshest, most daisyfied of innocents," she said gayly. "The style suits you extremely well; but get over it as soon as you can, if you mean to be in town much; it's not the style of the day. One would suppose it would take on account of its novelty, but it doesn't. It's very charming, very refreshing indeed, to *me;* but I'm afraid it won't do in society."

"One thing I don't understand," she went on presently—"what your sister means by accepting Gerald Thynne. It's so nice your being one of the family, as it were; I can talk to you just as I like. Gerald isn't a good match at all. Hazelrigge won't come to him till Lady Arthur dies; and it's the smallest thing—£800 a year at the very outside. Claris might have valued herself at a coronet with that superb head of hers. I set *my* gipsy favor down at a baronetcy; and since yellow hair came into fashion, we dark people have gone down in the market, you know. It seems a waste of material, as papa would say, for Claris to put up with anything less than £30,000 a year and a commoner. I can't see it"—musingly—"one wouldn't accuse *her* of any absurd love-in-a-cottage-ism; and making allowance for the 'honorable,' and the duke and duchess in the background, it's a dreadful sacrifice."

"Hilda," spoke Olive at last, with a little tremble in her voice, "there is something so shameful to me in this light talk of things which should be so earnest. How can you so discredit yourself, even in jest?"

"In jest!" repeated Hilda, surprised. "Why, I mean every word I say."

"Could you mean," Olive demanded, with kindling cheeks, "to value your highest woman's privilege only as a thing of barter and exchange for rank and wealth? I don't believe it of you."

"You do not understand," Hilda said, quite soberly for her. "We have been so differently brought up. I don't look at it so seriously as you do. Marriage makes a woman's position, and I love position better than anything else in the world."

"Perhaps *now;* but when a better love comes, you will be content to take a lower place for its sake."

"But I should love the *position;* it would be as impossible to me to love without it as it would to—well, to think mamma's pugs perfetly honest. There, now, I've shocked you! Well, that was sure to happen sooner or later. You see, I know a great deal more of the world than you do; but then, I haven't such good principles; I have been too busy with my education to have had time to cultivate them. You can't learn German, and Latin, and French, and Italian, and music, and singing, and drawing, and painting, and modelling, and mathematics, and classics, and literature, and philosophy, and science, and heraldry, and fifty other things besides, and give your attention to morals as well. Now can you? Please don't look so grave; if you do I shall have to kiss you, and I am not given to kissing in general. I only do it sometimes as a propitiatory offering."

Being a little out of breath, Hilda next occupied herself with silently turning over Claris's photographic album.

"That is excellent of Lady Arthur," she remarked, coming after a time upon a likeness of that lady. "Although she is mamma's sister, we always give her the title in the family. I don't know why. It's a habit, originated, perhaps, in papa's parvenue respect for titles. Papa's pedigree is very shady, you know—£40,000 a year, and no grandfather. But mamma is all right—a Hereward she was—pure Saxon. Our names, Gwendoline and Hilda, are intended to convey to the world a gentle hint of our long line of ancestry, on *one* side at least. Ah me! there's Fido's bark upon the stairs, and my afternoon is over. And now there's the tiresome drive back again, and then mademoiselle and the French language for the rest of the evening. How I do hate it! I hope I shall never speak anything but English, after I 'come out,' for the rest of my natural life. There is one comfort, as somebody says, mine is an awfully bad accent. Somebody has said everything, don't you find? and there is not a good thing left for us to say who come at the fag-end of invention. Here they all are."

The door opened. There was a great rustle of entering skirts. When it had subsided, poor little Fido was found, with staring eyes and cowering mien, swept up by a great wave of crinoline, and left high and dry against the wall. Hilda darted upon him, fondled him, and soothed his ruffled dignity with kisses, which proved that this young lady *had* a heart—for lapdogs!

Mrs. Conroy was not sleepy; she was particularly bright and talkative on the way home, so that the *Queen of the Ball-room* lay unopened on the seat whilst Hilda listened to a triumphant account of the afternoon's events and successes—how the young Earl of Cawdor had asked for an introduction, and had attached himself to their party, especially to Gwendoline (the mention of which caused a faint pink to dawn upon the fair Saxon cheek of that young lady)—how Claris had looked magnificently handsome, and all the world had seemed to think so—even a distinguished personage nearly related to royalty itself having been seen to make inquiries respecting the beautiful stranger; and, finally, how the duchess had sat for full half-an-hour by Mrs. Conroy's chair, and had arranged a farewell dinner-party—quite a family affair—for the following evening, in honor of Gerald.

"We had a friendly dispute as to which should give it," Mrs. Conroy continued, "and it was at last decided that *I* should, since the interesting pair have not yet dined with us. And, Hilda, as it is entirely a family meeting, you may have a place at the table," she concluded, furling her white silk parasol in high good-humor.

Claris's engagement had brought with it this visit to town in the height of the season, in order that Captain Thynne might present his intended bride to the heads of his family. Miss Ursula had suggested that the introduction should wait for Gerald's return from India, whither, having failed in effecting an exchange into a home regiment, he was bound. The term of service abroad of his own regiment would expire in another year, and it was not expedient or even possible for him to withdraw from the army until he had secured some diplomatic or other appointment better suited to his future position as a Benedict.

Miss Ursula wondered at the equanimity with which Claris looked forward to the separation—at the little effort it cost her to bring her mind to what would have been so cruel to most lovers. Miss Ursula was puzzled and perplexed at all that had gone on about her, and she would gladly have delayed—with what undefined hope or expectation she knew not—this last decisive recognition of a position which was full of pain to her. But Claris overruled all her objections, and the more easily that they could scarcely be put into words. She had, too, a powerful advocate in Lady Arthur, who longed for the seal of that fastidious and all-powerful autocrat of fashion, the duchess's approbation upon her son's choice, and saw, besides, a prospect of change for herself in the general move to town. So she voted that delay would argue a want of respect towards the representative of the family honors, and might militate seriously against the future prospects of the captain. Gerald himself would have preferred to spend the last fortnight of precious time in the quiet and unreserved companionship permitted by country life; but he was yet in that stage of infatuation when the will of the charmer is ever a sweet law. Therefore rooms were engaged at Claridge's, and Miss Ursula and her nieces made their first entrance into London society under the wing of the duchess.

The duchess *par excellence*. Happy the young lady bark-launched upon the uncertain sea of fashionable life under her auspices. Sure was such bark of favoring gales and a prosperous voyage—*almost* sure of a safe anchorage in the port of wealthy or distinguished matrimony. It was an anxious moment for Lady Arthur, and for Claris too, when she found herself under the eye of the powerful censor. It was after luncheon on the day after our party arrived in town, a carriage and pair, with the strawberry-leaved coronet upon the panel, dashed up to the door of Claridge's and the duchess, preceded by obsequious waiters came stepping quickly up the stairs. Claris's heart—a well-behaved organ enough in a general way—took to fluttering in a very unusual and inconvenient manner as "Her Grace the Duchess of Arlingford" was announced, and advanced into the room. A tall, graceful woman, who had probably never been handsome, but had certainly always been distinguished, took Miss Ursula's offered hand, and spoke a few of those happily-chosen words with which easy and practiced good-breeding smooths away the little awkwardness of life; after which she seated herself, and talked to Lady Arthur of the Hazelrigge beeches, to Miss Ursula of the advantages of hotel life, to the young ladies of Mr. Frith's wedding picture, of the last new opera, and the approaching Horticultural *Fete*—of anything and everything, in fact—with that graceful sprightliness which was the duchess's characteristic. And all the while that quick, gray eye of hers was taking silent note of the new aspirant to the honor of the name of Thynne. Not a gesture escaped this keen but imperceptible scrutiny—not an intonation, not a turn of the stately head, nor a movement of the graceful figure. Perhaps the unwonted embarrassment for which Claris was angry at herself, and which caused her eye to droop and her cheek to mantle with a richer bloom, rather told in her favor than otherwise.

Those who knew the duchess as Lady Arthur did understood the significance of her parting action, when, after making her cordial adieus to the rest, she took Claris's hands in both her own, and left a kiss upon her cheek. It was the coveted "qualification," the "freedom of the city." Thenceforth Claris's status in the world over which the duchess reigned supreme was assured. Lady Arthur's triumphant elation shone out in every feature.

"My dear duchess," she cried, rushing out upon the staircase after her, "when will you be disengaged? I long so to have a private" (dropping her voice) "chat with you. When shall I come?"

"Let me see," replied her distinguished sister-in-law. "I have not a moment for the next twenty-four hours. I go now to Lady Keith's drum; we dine out this evening. Lady Simpson's ball afterwards. To-morrow I have business all the morning, and a host of people to luncheon. We drive to Kew in the afternoon, and you all dine with us at night, and I am 'at home' afterwards. Will you take a cup of chocolate with me the morning after, at ten o'clock?"

"Yes."

"And Maria"—halting at the second flight of stairs—"that is a nice little girl—the one with the brown eyes—bring her to see me. Good-bye."

Presently an elderly gentleman, followed by a groom, rode up to the door of Claridge's, and leisurely dismounted. The duke was gaining weight, as his waistcoats demonstrated; and his grace's movements had, of late, been characterized by an increased solidity and leisureliness. Fortunately, however, his temper was perfect, and that is a great help even in the graceful carrying of an extra stone or two of superabundant flesh.

Lady Arthur was still in the first glow of satisfaction, congratulating herself and Claris alternately upon the gratifying result of the duchess's visit of inspection, when the duke was announced. We have already noticed the result, or rather Hilda has. The Duke had an artistic eye, and he was gained straightway through that organ.

"Upon my word," he soliloquised, as he walked his thoroughbred round the park, "the young fellow has made an admirable choice—a most admirable choice. I never saw a more exquisite head in my life, excepting on canvas. Must get her to sit to me for my 'Loves of the Angels.' And there was another face there—might have been copied from a Murillo—great brown-black eyes, and the small Spanish head and slender throat, brought out in splendid contrast against the white muslin window-curtains, with a bouquet of scarlet geraniums on the table before it. Good idea that—must work it up when I get time.

The days sped on; the Delta, with Gerald on board, was to leave Southampton on the 20th. Mr. Conroy's farewell party was arranged for the evening of the 19th. Hilda, whose patronage of Olive still continued, drew her away to the music-room.

"Sing to me, please," she said. "I know you sing. I see it in your eyes. I love music. Nobody will miss us; *we* are not the lions of the evening. How handsome your sister is looking to-night! The duke is perfectly enchanted with her; pity he isn't marriageable. I know he would just rave about that artistic style of hers. He is an artist, and looks all the world after the picture or statue idea. A pair of Madonna eyes might commit any crime for all he would care, and a Venus de Medicis might break all the ten commandments. He has genius, certainly. If he had to earn his bread, he has enough of the true inspiration to have starved according to rule. Well! the marquis isn't a genius, at any rate—the sons of a genius seldom are. He is not here to-night; he has gone to Mentone with his wife, who is in very delicate health. He is an awful bore, a wooden man, and talks sawdust; congratulate yourself on having escaped a serious infliction by his opportune absence. Gerald looks blue; in his place I

wouldn't have gone—*alone*. Lady Arthur stays with us another week. Mamma and she do not particularly affect each other. You see, their worldly advantages are each of a different character—one got a title, and the other £40,000 a year—without the grandfather, as I told you before. These two advantages are somewhat antagonistic. I fancy mamma and Lady Arthur are each given to flaunting her especial superiority in the face of the other rather too conspicuously for harmony of feeling. But the decencies of society must be observed, you know; so, being her ladyship's goddaughter, I am sent down to Hazelrigge Lodge occasionally to represent and maintain the sisterly bond between them. Hitherto I have felt like Mariana in the *Moated Grange* down there; but now I shall look forward to seeing you, and it will be quite a different thing. I have given myself up to 'friendship's calm delight'—quite romantic, isn't it?—only I always forget you are older than I am. You are so small and so *fresh*. Fancy Claris being younger than you, and engaged first! Well, I can't say much for the life I should have led if that had happened to *me!* Gwendoline is languid and indifferent about most things, but she never would have stood *that*. But, then, you are not a bit like any one else. I only wonder"—she stopped and looked fixedly at Olive—"I'll not tell you what I wonder—not now, at least."

But she told somebody else. She slipped out of the drawing-room, and met him just at the end of the hall, far enough removed from the big flunkeys who were waiting to open the door for him. He had seen the carriage roll away with Miss Ursula and her nieces, and had obtained a whispered promise from Claris to give him ten minutes before the early train in the morning; and then he had returned for a less tender and more public adieu to his mother.

"Good-bye, Gerald," said Hilda, holding out her hand. "A safe and prosperous voyage, and a speedy return, all the rest, you know. And, cousin Gerald"—with the most innocent little air in the world—"Claris is charming, of course, but I do so wonder you didn't fall in love with Olive instead; I fancy she would have suited you so much better."

He walked out into the streets, where the flaring gas-lamps strove to put out the pure, calm light of a myriad of stars, with a strangely-disturbed consciousness—Hilda's light, saucy words had taken unwonted effect. Claris and Olive. He had never before thought of them together, they were so different. Claris was—his lover's enthusiasm rose as he pictured her—Claris was splendid; she was grand, magnificent; she sat upon the throne of his heart like a queen; but Olive—here his thoughts sank to a tender hush—he could no more have itemed her charms than he could have dissected the throbbing pulses of his own being; he felt in a momentary flash of perception how such a dainty, tender little creature might nestle close to a man's heart, and warm it for all the cold blasts and the freezing cares of life—how such a sweet woman's presence might sit at the Arcadian hearth of his dreams, and make of it the home-paradise of his hopes. And then he passed from under the quiet stars into the lighted portico of his hotel, and the gentle vision vanished. Through the hurrying bustle of preparation in which his night was spent there ran a strange disquiet, an uneasy sense of some undefined loss, vague and shadowy, but not the less disquieting.

CHAPTER XII.

REST AND WORK.

The parting was over. That modern Fate, the morning express, was, in a dreadfully iron and merciless way of its own, tearing the lovers apart at the rate of fifty miles an hour on the Southampton line. Claris, locked into her bedroom, was—well, you know, we are privileged to intrude upon her privacy, so sacred to everybody else—she was engaged in making up the hour of sleep of which her early rising that morning had deprived her. Her feelings being thus dormant, as it were, we cannot define them. Certain it is that there were no signs of abandonment to grief about her when she fluttered out of her dressing-room at something to eight o'clock to hear the parting words which Captain Thynne found it so difficult to say overnight. Not a fold was out of place in the lace frills of her white morning dress, and, as Miss Perks could have testified, her beautiful hazel-brown hair had taken full an hour to arrange. There was none of the orthodox disregard of personal appearance proper to such occasions; probably Claris knew that such negligence, however suggestive, was more graceful and becoming in books than in real life. Perhaps, too, she entertained Colonel St. Maur's theory of the pictures which the mind forms of past events, and she wished to linger upon the retina of her lover's memory in all the pristine freshness and becomingness of that pretty, spotless morning toilette.

Gerald, at least, was *en règle* (we know he had been up all night). He was so haggard and depressed that a sympathetic chambermaid, being of a romantic turn, confided to Miss Perks that "the poor young gentleman's looks quite 'aunted her;" they made her "think of poison and suicide."

Miss Perks herself, whose reticent virtue debarred her from the luxury of a return of confidence, solaced herself by such mental reflections as the following:—

"Well, I don't believe she cares about him one bit; she drank two cups of tea and ate a whole round of toast for her breakfast, and she sat reading a book afterwards as comfortable as if the captain had only gone down to Armytage Park and was to be back again this evening. Miss Olive, now, behaved much more like as if she'd said good-bye to a lover; she was as pale as death when she came down, and it was as much as she could do to choke down a bit of the end of her roll. Miss Olive is always so feeling."

It is a startling fact, when we realize it, this sort of domestic secret inquisition which is for ever spying out all those private actions, feelings, and intentions which we have been at so much pains to conceal from "society" outside. We compose our faces and measure our steps, and lay our conduct down by the plumb-line of "appearance," and we go home satisfied that the world is no wiser than we wish it to be. And then we relax our guard, and forget or ignore that there are eyes and tongues here quite as observant and as dangerous as those we have left. We might just as well bolt and bar our windows and doors against burglarious entrance, whilst we leave the pantry window unfastened or the back gate unlocked with the key in it.

Jeames may discharge all expression from his face when he takes his orders that the "ladies are not at home" to the Honorable Percy Sanderre, but he reads the family barometer pretty accurately for all that, and he knows perfectly well that Miss Maria will have red eyes and "my lady" a gross face at the family dinner, and that "much rain" and "stormy" will be the atmospheric changes of the next few days. He may look as impassively solemn and stiff and upright as a first-class flunkey should when Miss Araminta goes in to dinner on the captain's arm, but that does not prevent his taking advantage of his corner in the hall being a shaded one to wink at that other "Jeames" as the backs of the unconscious pair disappear through the dining-room doorway.

Mary Jane may have, apparently, no observation whatever, yet she will certainly confide to John Thomas, her young man, that Miss Araminta is going to play the captain false because the colonel is looking sweet upon her, and that she knows this because the captain's last letter from Ireland has been pushed unopened under the looking-glass for these two days, and because the colonel sent the "beautifullest" bouquet last night, and Miss Araminta wore it at the ball, and left the captain's ring upon the pincushion.

Mary Jane knows our secrets as well as we do ourselves, and a great deal better than we should like anybody else to know them. It is well for us when she is kind and honest—as she very often is—and better still when she has Miss Perks's gift of "keeping herself to herself"—which she very rarely has. All this by the way.

The duke, like the chambermaid, was of a sympathetic temperament, and this lovers' parting troubled him a good deal. He had his own adieus to make that same day, for Miss Ursula and her nieces were to return to Armytage Park by the six o'clock train, and he called at Messrs. Storr and Mortimer's beforehand to provide himself with that species of consolation which a very high authority has suggested as peculiarly efficacious in feminine cases. In spite of this provision the duke had sundry unpleasant misgivings as he panted up-stairs to Miss Ursula's drawing-room. Red eyes were unclassical; the duke's artist soul shrank from the contemplation of such disfigurement to the most charming and perfect model he had met with for many a day. It was a great relief when Claris met him with no disturbance of the classical outline—nothing more than a shade of pensive sadness, very interesting and becoming, he thought. She was equal to conversation he found, too, and altogether he got through the interview very much better than he had expected.

"Good-bye," were his parting words, "until we meet again at Arlingford. We hold you to your promise, Miss Armytage, of paying us a long visit at Christmas. I want to show you my Cuyp, which that Irish beggar, Malone, declares isn't genuine. Hope to finish your picture then, Miss Claris; shall have more time and quiet in the country, you know—so many people always bothering in town. So keep up your good looks; recollect I mean to make them famous. Good-bye, good-bye." And he left upon the table in front of Claris one of those long morocco cases which have such a splendid promise about them. Within, reposing upon a soft, velvet cushion, lay a row of magnificent pearls, each one as large as a hazel-nut—a necklace fit for the throat of a duchess. Claris's eyes sparkled as she clasped it about her own. Inclosed in the same case were some lines in which the ducal poet declared each pearl to be a teardrop from Beauty's eye, gathered by Friendship as it fell, and dedicated by that sympathizing goddess to the sacred uses of Consolation. It was a pity that such magnificent and poetic solace should have no higher mission than to soothe Claris's regrets at hurrying away from town before the end of the season and in the first flush of such a brilliant *début*.

My dear readers, have you ever been so unlucky or so misguided as to adventure forth, for pleasure or business, in a gale of wind? Have you ever fought your struggling way along in the teeth of a furious nor'-easter, when, if your attire belongs to the masculine regulation, your hat required the forcible aid of both your hands to enable it to continue on your head, and the buttoning of your coat tightly across your chest did not prevent the tails thereof from flapping about in a noisy and highly-inconvenient fashion; when your cheeks smarted and your eyes filled with dust, causing you, in your blind helplessness, to butt against every advancing fellow-sufferer in an aggressive and discomposing attitude, and when, if unhappily you had taken feminine skirts and other sail-like appendages into the *mêlée*, you endured a complication of disasters, and bewilderments, and disgraces too pitiable to record. If, I say, you have had such an experience, you will remember how a sudden turning brought you into a sheltered lane or street, where the wild wind dropped to an infant's lullaby, and you walked along in an ineffable calm, smoothing and resettling your disordered apparel, and feeling in every nerve of your body the delicious sense of repose and relief. What though you know that your enemy is awaiting you at the next turning—that you hear his baffled fury surging faintly on the other side of the protecting block of houses or wall of trees? Nothing can disturb your enjoyment of present repose and shelter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An artificial ivory is now made in France from a paste of papier mache and gelatine, and to which the name of Parisian marble is given. Among other things, the finest and most complicated mouldings for ceilings can be made, or capitals of columns can be constructed in any color. It is said to be hard, durable, and elastic.

☞ There are in Chicago seven counts, two marquises, one who would have been a duke, and a baker's dozen of German barons. The latter are not counted in "our set" by the others, as baronetcies in Germany are common as "colonelcies" in Virginia, or unfounded military titles in America. Out of the former ex-noblemen there are several whose history would be interesting, and whose lives have in them more romance than is generally vested in the hero of a first-class novel. Hungary and Poland were their homes. Austrian, Russian, and combined European tyranny are responsible for their present position.

☞ In Homer, Michigan, a few days ago, a school-mistress, named Dyer, whipped a pupil who had inadvertently addressed her without the accustomed nod of consent, until she had used up three whips nearly as large as a man's finger. She then took a ferule, an inch in diameter, and scourged the boy with this until her strength gave way. The subject of her discipline is covered with abscesses from head to waist, and his arm has been rendered useless.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R. 8, 1866.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We call attention to the new Novelet, named

HEARTS ERRANT,

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

We design commencing a new novelet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

NO PAPER OFFERS AS GREAT INDUCEMENTS AS THE POST. Besides, as THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND can always be clubbed together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and thus count for two subscriptions.

We return our thanks to the host of old friends who have stood by us for years, and hope to continue to make THE POST in every way worthy of their support. And if it comes in their way occasionally to recommend our sheet to their friends and neighbors, we shall duly appreciate the kindness.

GEOLOGY.

The Book of Nature, as it has descended to our hands, is but a fragment of the original volume. Its leaves rent and worn; many utterly lost; very few entire, and these vexatiously placed amid torn chapters; a book written in an unknown tongue, all whose alphabet we have not yet mastered; is it strange that we find it difficult to read, giving it manifold contradictory interpretations?

Fortunately it is a living language, spoken by Nature all around us. The volume is still being written. Its last pages are perfect, both in letter-press and illustration; and using the present as a key to the untold mystery of the past, with a marvellous vision Science has scanned the eternal silences of the dead ages.

The "Has Been" is a vast grave-yard, its history written in the buried bones of the dead. But it is the history of a ruin, telling by a few earthquake-shattered columns the story of the temples of old; bare foundations, moss and lichen overgrown, where towered the stateliest fabrics known. This our earth is a mighty monument of change, of birth and death, of growth and decay, of a ceaseless coming and passing away; while above it all roll on the unheeding years, arbiters of the destinies of too many worlds to linger over the mutations of one.

From a granite root the earth has grown, and fed on the elements of granite. It presents a constant succession and mixture of layers of clay, sand, and lime, all derived from the broken or dissolved fragments of the primary rocks; of which the lime has in most or all cases been solidified into its present form by organic action. Take the effect on these layers of various degrees of heat, of frosts and rains, of vigorous volcanic action, of a continuous rising of sea bottoms and sinking of dry lands, alternating throughout ages of organic growth and decay, and we have the building of the continents before us.

The foundations of the Earth were laid in the seas. Water is the grand moving force of creation. Its liquid fingers have carried off mountains and worn down continents, erecting new continents from their ruins. Unfortunately for our records it is a blind builder, constantly taking the materials of its old edifices to build new ones, leaving here a stratum of clay or pebbles, there an acre of rock, as sole relics of wide formations. For lakes and sea bottoms become filled up with the rocky ailment, the shells, corals, and plants, deposited by the hands of hundreds of thousands of years. They are then lifted bodily upward, often to mountain height, while perhaps old land surfaces take their place as sea bottom. At once the subtle forces of water commence to tear asunder what they have so sedulously built, till, as may sometimes happen, every portion of the old is swept into the new formation.

It is easy to imagine the fragmentary aspect of the whole after this long process of fluctuation. Through millions of years the waters of the earth have been disintegrating and kneading into new forms one original mass of matter, with occasional additions of new material, till many miles of perpendicular strata have been formed, these sometimes but a few inches, sometimes thousands of feet thick, but so denuded by water and so utterly rent and dislocated by the forces of upheaval, that the main wonder becomes how so consistent a tale has been read from their weather-beaten pages. If the revealments of Geology form an imperishable monument of the glory of the Creator, man's success in reading these buried and broken tables of stone vividly displays the wonderful mental powers of the created.

BLACK SPECKS AND MOLES ON THE FACE.—A subscriber wishes to know how to remove black specks and moles from the face.

As to the specks, the daily use of some mild soap and water has an excellent effect—the specks being simply collections of dirt on the fatty remains resulting from a too sluggish action of the skin. Where soap is found to roughen and chap the skin, a solution of powdered Ammonia in water, which is very cleansing, will work better. The skin being washed perfectly free from either soap or Ammonia at the close.

To promote a more healthy action of the skin, a preparation advertised by Dr. B. C. Perry, of 49 Bond street, New York city, is, we have reason to believe, not destitute of merit. We should also consult Dr. Perry in relation to the removal of moles, &c., if we needed information.

LOUIS A. GODEY.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Godey has returned from his tour in Europe, in the best of health and spirits, and in capital humor with all he saw and heard abroad. He visited the principal places of interest in England and on the Continent, and had a good time generally. "May his shadow never be less."

COURSE OF LECTURES.—The Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania have arranged for a course of lectures to be delivered before them by Hon. George R. Boutwell, Frederick Douglass, Gen. Howard, Gen. Butler, Hon. W. D. Kelley, Theodore Tilton, &c. Season Tickets $2.50. Single Admission 35 cents. On Thursday evenings, at National Hall.

THE APPLE WAR.

[*Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post:*—Will you please insert the following from a London magazine, bearing upon the subject of "Temper," and "a meek spirit."]

There was a boarding-school in Kent for boys of the Society of Friends. There were also schools for other boys in the same town. It was the practice of the town boys when they saw the Friend boys to shout after them "Quaker, Quaker," and other names. This may have been mortifying to the Friend boys, but they passed on and reviled not again. Things were in this state for a long time, until one day the Friend boys were taken out for a country walk, and being about to ascend a hill they observed some of the town boys at play near where they had to pass, and they said, one to another, "Now we shall catch it," and sure enough they did, and that, too, smartly; for as soon as the town boys espied them they shouted out Quaker! Quaker! Quack, Quack, so long as they could be heard. When the Friend boys reached the top of the hill, they deemed it a fitting time to retaliate, and sent down a few missiles into the enemy's camp. This unexpected alarm startled the town boys, who exclaimed, "Why these Quakers are pelting us with stones," and they vowed revenge. But a volley of the same sort came pouring down again upon them, when to their great surprise and gratification, they found they had been attacked, not with stones, but with apples which the Friend boys had brought for their own pic-nic. Now as all boys love apples, they soon gathered up the peaceful missiles and began to eat them.

One of the boys, more thoughtful than the rest, observed, how remarkable it was that the very boys who had for a long time received nothing but ill usage, in a mild spirit, without a word of complaint, had now given them a fine treat of good apples. This was to them most marvellous treatment. They now began to see the evil of their conduct, and boy-like began to accuse each other of beginning the attack. None were willing to be regarded as the ringleaders, but all of them agreed that a very different treatment in future was due to such kind and noble spirited boys. In their school-room they concluded to send two or three of their boys as an embassy of peace and good will to the Friends school, to acknowledge the wrong they had done, and ask forgiveness for so much abusive conduct. We need not add how kindly they were received, and how cordially the Friend boys agreed to cancel all past grievances. The town boys returned and reported the pleasant result of their mission, which was received with acclamations by the whole school.

This is the end of the magazine's account of The Apple War. It may, however, be asked, if this meek, or as you may term it, this "poor spirit" is not, after all, the true policy? The Quaker life for a century has given the answer, in its at least once quiet and peaceful course, with its attendant and almost universal enjoyment and prosperity. Suppose the whole nation—all its inhabitants—was practically governed by this policy. Or suppose the boys instead of apples had used stones. What would or might have followed? Picture the scene which might have resulted from a mad spirit and a real battle of stones. There would have been broken heads and bruised eyes—a mob might have been aroused, men with enraged spirits taking part, and in the fury of maddening revenge, killing, and firing buildings. Just such bloody work has often been done, and will still continue to make havoc and desolation, so long as we reject the promise of "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

Shooting Stars.

Shooting stars may, without much impropriety, be called little comets. Each meteor is a small body, generally of very little density, revolving about the sun in an elliptic orbit, and governed by the same laws as the larger planets, Jupiter and Saturn. The average number of these bodies which encounter the earth every day is several millions, and still there is no perceptible decrease from year to year. The total number of these bodies, therefore, belonging to our solar system must be reckoned by millions of millions. The earth in its motion about the sun, with a velocity of nineteen miles per second, is continually encountering more or less of these bodies, and they plunge into our atmosphere with velocities varying from ten to forty miles per second, by which means heat is developed sufficient to ignite them, and they are entirely consumed, generally in a single second, and at an elevation of about fifty miles above the earth's surface. Occasionally we encounter bodies of greater density, which cannot be so readily consumed, and they reach the earth's surface, sometimes entire and at other times in a fragmentary condition. Samples of such meteors are to be found in all the large mineralogical collections of this country and Europe.

☞ The coal fields of America cover 225,000 square miles, an area equal to twenty-eight such states as Massachusetts. One cubic mile will furnish seven millions of tons annually for a thousand years. At this rate our coal will last sixty thousand years.

☞ Colenso has recovered his back pay as Bishop, which had been withheld on account of his heresies.

☞ A Parliamentary investigation has revealed the fact that at the recent English elections 717 voters were bribed in Lancashire alone.

☞ Warm and cold—Hottentots and Chilians.

☞ Speculation is a word that sometimes begins with its second letter.

☞ A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit neither to be where he is nor yet above it.

Cold Weather.

A cotemporary affirms that the old English proverb, "A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard"—meaning that a mild winter must be as a matter of course unhealthy—is not sustained by statistics. The colder the winter, other things being equal, the greater the mortality, for cold is in itself a prominent cause of disease. To be sure cold braces us, and acts as a tonic. Often when we go out on a chilly day we feel a fine glow, and recognize the weather as a source of vigor. This is because the cold produces a reaction in the system, and operates as a stimulant. The moment this reaction fails to be produced, cold injures the health by its depressing influence. Therefore, the hardening process we so often hear recommended for children and for delicate persons is nearly always a failure. The only true hardening is to be brought about by accustoming the system to react under the stimulant of cold; and this can be done only by help from exercise and clothing.

No person is ever benefited by feeling cold. This should be carefully guarded against. To go out warmly clad, and move briskly through the keen, frosty air, is to drink in health and strength like wine; but to go out with insufficient garments and experience a sensation of chilliness while walking is to sow seeds of pain and death.

The furnaces which warm our modern houses are, properly regulated, a great blessing and a real source of health. They enable us to pass from one apartment to another without a sudden shock, and they also admit of the doors through a house being thrown open, thus insuring good ventilation and plenty of air to breathe. Furnaces become injurious only when the thermometer is kept at above seventy, and a person is weakened by the enervating effect of too much heat.

To be dressed in a comfortably warm room is a matter very important to the health of children. The old days of frozen water pitchers and neglected ablutions were *not* healthier days than the present. If the men and women of those times seemed endowed with more vitality, it was because none of the delicate children survived the process of rearing.

A Popular Enigma.

Mr. Beresford Hope, M. P., writes to the London Builder to correct the popular error that Byron was the author of the enigma on the letter "H," beginning—"'Twas whispered in Heaven." He says: "The lines were composed at my father's—Mr. Thomas Hope's—seat, the Deepdene, Surrey, by Miss Catherine M. Fanshawe, a well-known literary spinster of the past generation. As I am writing this, the original MS. stands open before me, contained in the 'Deepdene Album' (a very curious collection of literary autographs), headed 'Enigma written at the Deep Dene, 1816,' and signed 'C. M. F.' I may add that I have a distinct recollection of hearing, while a child, my father, who died in 1831, speaking of the misapprehension which assigned that enigma to Byron. I may add that the first line runs in Miss Fanshawe's original—' 'Twas in Heaven pronounced, and 'twas whisper'd in Hell.' "

Wafers.

The mode of making the best quality of wafers, as practised by the English manufacturers is as follows:—

Fine wheat flour is taken and mixed with white of eggs and isinglass into a very smooth paste; this is spread over the tin plates evenly and dried in an oven, several of the plates being placed one over the other to communicate a glossy surface to the wafers. When dry, the sheets of paste thus formed are laid up in a pile about an inch or more in depth, and cut into circular pieces by a hollow punch, which is effected with great rapidity. The variety of colors that are ordinarily communicated to wafers is given to them in the paste by the usual pigments, in the dry, powdered state, or previously dissolved in the water employed.

☞ When Lord Chancellor Eldon appointed Captain Derenzy to the Chief Justiceship of Tobago, without his ever having previously read a law-book, he strongly advised him to decide each case by his common sense and natural idea of right and wrong, and carefully avoid committing himself by giving a reason for any decision. Following that advice, this Chief Justice was very popular, with the bar as well as with the public—and especially admired by the lawyers for the Spartan simplicity and brevity of his judgments.

☞ It is stated that at the dedication of the Jewish Temple in Cincinnati, the preacher, Dr. Wise, expressed a disbelief in miracles and in a coming Messiah.

☞ An Armenian journal publishes the following curious fact:—An Armenian woman, of the village of Cowrdbeblind, was married at thirty years of age. She had seven children and sixty-two grandchildren, twenty-one of whom married and had twelve children, and one of the latter was also married last year, and has just had a child, so that the old lady, who is in her hundredth year, has just seen the grandchild of her grandchild, and, what is still more remarkable is, that all the members of this prolific family dwell in the same house.

☞ "A Yankee," the New York correspondent of the London Spectator, discusses in his last letter to that journal the momentous question, "Why Americans wear dress-coats in the morning?" He begins thus: "My theme is dress. I sing the dress-coat, integument fearfully and wonderfully made! I propose to solve that riddle,—so mysterious to many British travellers'—why 'the Americans' wear full evening dress in the morning. In the first place, they don't."

☞ EGGS.—If, as a rule, a hen is kept clean (for nothing enjoys cleanliness more than a hen) and furnished with a supply of grain, meat and vegetables, she will produce the eggs which she has got to lay or die. Take away the flesh and vegetables and small grain, and give corn and water alone, and your hens will cease to lay and become fat. Corn in itself has less of the properties which make the egg than any of the smaller grains which we raise. Rice, wheat, barley and buckwheat are best for eggs.

☞ TO PROTECT LEATHER BELTING.—It is a singular fact that rats will not touch anything containing castor oil, and, therefore, to guard belting against the voracity of these animals, it is only necessary to touch it at every place where exposed with a brush dipped in castor oil.

☞ It probably is not known to many that the pulse of a female exceeds in frequency that of a male from ten to fourteen beats per minute.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Bamboo—Incredulity—A Bamboo Region—Jungles—Forests—Bamboo Avenues—Going Astray—Getting Lost—Wet—Found—More Bamboo.

Here, somewhat abruptly, we come to *Bamboo*. In turning backwards through the blemished, blotted, soiled, and stained pages of my journal of South American Civilization, it seems to myself singular that nowhere previously has there been any mention made of a material as necessary to the economy of tropical life, and in as universal use in all the warmer regions of South America as raw blubber among the Kamschatkians or reindeer in Lapland. The omission is not because we had not frequently enough encountered bamboo both in growth, and in the thousand and forty manufactured conditions in which our American half cousins on the other end of the continent apply it to all their requirements; but because of the continual coming in of a thousand other things, seeming at the time of infinitely more importance than the insignificant bamboo.

In the magnificent Andean valley of *Chiari*, curving crescent shaped around the base of cloud-capped and snow-crested old Illimani, we encountered and made the acquaintance of bamboo in such quantity, and individually and collectively such bamboo as we had only heard of previously.

If in perusing this sketch the reader shall find him or herself suddenly blockaded by what may seem an incredible bamboo, I can only say: "I should like you to take the big cane precisely as it stands." Thus I find it written down—thus we found bamboo in the valley of Chiari, and for this once I am disposed to abate and modify nothing of what was written of it while under observation. If, however, there should happen here and there to be an incredulous reader, I beg leave to remind him that in South America, among a thousand South Americans, civilized and savage, to whom we told the story of our having in *Los Estados Unidos* great forest trees into which we cut notches or bored holes and drew out the sap, from which we made very sweet sugar, not three in a thousand believed a word of it all. When we told them how in North America commonly enough we coursed along the surface and crossed rivers a mile in width with horses and heavy vehicles, walking, racing and running over ice bridges, in their incredulity they frequently snubbed us bluntly with—*isso manteira!* (this is a lie.) So to them it was. They could not comprehend a truth so utterly improbable.

Bidding our Peruvian friends *adios*, and following the Chiari southeastwardly along the mountain side of the superb valley, in the third hour of our ride we began to enter upon the bamboo country. We had seen a great deal of the material growing all about, and even in the town; but it was only the ordinary bamboo, such as we had seen in a thousand other localities, and were familiar enough with—nothing so uncommon as to excite curiosity. But here we came to jungles, and wide and long stretches of bamboo forests and great bamboo trees—*i. e* great trees, considering they were simply canes—really bamboo wonders and monsters.

Singular enough, too, the characteristics of some of these South American bamboo forests are. Sometimes we found ourselves blockaded by a broad jungle, seemingly impenetrable to a bird, or any beast larger than a squirrel, compelling a detour to compass it of two or three leagues perhaps. Then would come a space of grassy land, without a tree or shrub of any sort, or as likely an interval of open forest made up of indigenous woods, among which not a single cane could be found. Next in the landscape would be presented a forest of bamboo trees—giant canes, growing close together, to the entire exclusion of all other vegetation. Invariably these cane forests were cut up into irregular sections by narrow, natural avenues, all tortuous and winding, and some of them so decidedly labyrinthine, that riding through them single file, we wound this way and that and the other, and upon several occasions after riding on for an hour, imagining innocently that we were going somewhere, we arrived—at the point we had set out from, finding ourselves somewhat foolishly following our own tracks.

On the second day after our advent into the bamboo country, having had breakfast, and not yet very far advanced in our bamboo wood-craft, finding a great number of these little narrow, intricate passages radiating from the circular glade in which we had bivouacked and breakfasted, deviating from each other at apparently slight angles, we broke up promiscuously into twos and trios as we happened to go to saddle nearest each other, and so took separately to the various avenues, arguing that conversation and equestrianism could be more conveniently carried on if we rode in small squads than were possible, provided we went into one of the narrow ways, the whole cavalcade single file. And furthermore, we were quite certain that all the paths and the entire party would come together again quite comfortably before dinner time. We learned somewhat beyond that later in the day, when it was too late to retrieve our error.

We went into the wood careless, happy, and hallooing through the intervening canes to each other, thus keeping up communications for the first half hour. But gradually we went wider asunder, voices grew distant and indistinct, until finally echo—and that a slovenly flat awkward echo as we had ever heard, only responded in a lazy, drawling way to our calls, and rifle and revolver reports.

Senora Monteiro, Gustave Von Werp, our enthusiastic Scandinavian bug-hunter and myself composed the trio following the right-hand passage, and for the first half hour Dona Theresa and myself were so much taken up with some personal Brazilian reminiscences, Herr Gustave with the liberal specimens of birds, bugs, beetles, and all the forty-thousand glittering green and golden-winged insects with which the bamboo forest was literally alive, that little we heeded the calls of our *companieros* riding along the other cane channels, and less we cared whether they were traversing the wood within thirty yards or three hundred leagues of us. But after an hour or so, coming out of our local enchantment, hearing nothing of our friends, not a response to our vocal, rifle or revolver calls, we began to grow uneasy, and riding on until our usual out-door dinner hour, our uneasiness ran by a sequence natural enough into a real panic. We had cause enough for alarm. We were growing hungry, and not a bite of any sort of provender with us—thirsty, and no drop of water to be had. Our pocket compasses told us we were riding north by west, when we knew we ought to be going about southeast. We became conscious that we were bewildered—lost in a South American bamboo forest.

Now, from experience I am able to testify that being lost in the woods anywhere is a condition by no means pleasant; but to be wound up in a wood of bamboo, as we were, walled in on either hand, no possibility of a cut across, hungry and nothing to eat, thirsty and no water, bewildered and every moment becoming worse confounded, the situation becomes next objectionable to that of being totally lost at sea, cast away on a desolate island, or drowned outright; and this last fate seemed likely enough to be ours, for after we had wandered on two hours beyond the hour at which we ought to have dined, the narrow rift of blue sky above our heads was suddenly shut in by clouds, making the passage along which we were riding as dark as Egyptian midnight, and within a quarter of an hour thereafter there came down upon us such a flood of falling water as I believe never occurs anywhere in this world, so dashingly determined to drown, as it does sometimes in these deep valleys of the upper Andes.

For more than four hours the water literally poured down upon us in continuous sheets, as if a whole Pacific had been suspended above that bamboo forest, the bottom suddenly knocked out, and the ocean was emptying itself through that narrow chink down upon our devoted heads. No protective shelter beyond our ponchoes, no possibility of securing one in such a forest, where every boll stood as straight as a candle, and shed off rain only so much as a flagstaff would do.

So we went wandering on in darkness, drenched to the skin, shivering, shouting till our voices were only hoarse whispers, then shooting till our powder was as wet as muck. No danger of going an inch further astray than we were, as nothing larger than a monkey could have wedged in a yard between the bamboo stems on either hand.

For four hours the deluge drenched us, and then there being nothing better to be done, we hugged close together, shingled ourselves the best we could with our *ponchos*, and shook sleeplessly till daylight, holding the while by the reins our horses, suffering like ourselves and less philosophical, which tugged strongly at times for freedom, that they might go in search of supper and more comfortable quarters.

It was really a rich joke, after all, that we had quietly permitted Providence to play upon us. We had not been three minutes in the saddle before we rode out into the open space in which we had passed the previous night, and there were our tents pitched, camp fires blazing, pack horses and mules picketed out and grazing, and half our party busy preparing breakfast. They constituted four divisions that had gone out by as many different routes, and after wandering around like ourselves, had drifted back to the starting point; only more lucky than ourselves, they had come in and set up the tents before the storm came on, and so had made a comfortable night of it, while we, half drowned, hungry and shivering with cold, had hugged each other through the chilly night that seemed everlasting, within three hundred yards of a dry camp and all its comforts.

But we were not alone in misfortune. In about three quarters of an hour Dr. Bond, Dona Zenia and Senora Ida La Harpe came in, draggled, downcast and ten times more dilapidated than the first three returned wanderers. Next Cator, Harry White and Madam Cosme appeared, the two gentlemen shivering and suffering, wet, muddy and out of spirits, while my wife was only ravenously hungry, otherwise in first class condition; Cator and Harry having so well roofed her over during the storm with their ponchos that she was not an atom wet, and had passed the night warm and comfortably.

O'Harra and Don Augustine came in last with Signora Floristta for a companion, all looking disconsolate and wretched enough. As for Kate, she had been either lucky or sensible enough to remain with the pack and baggage portion of the cavalcade, and had persuaded Edith to ride in company. So the two beauties that ought to have had the wettest bath of any of us, escaped intact and laughed heartily at our forlorn appearance.

However, a rousing bamboo fire, a glass of *eau de vie*, hot coffee and broiled *charqui*, soon set us up all right, and we laughed as heartily as the rest at our night's mishaps, until finally coming down to serious business, we voted unanimously to keep close by provisions, pack horses and protecting shelter in future—never dividing off again and taking by twos and trios to separate bamboo avenues just for convenience's sake.

For the space of more than thirty leagues around the base of Illimani, following the curve of the valley, we traversed almost continuously a bamboo country, not always a forest, with bamboo trunks, some of them eighteen inches in diameter at three feet from the ground, and shooting up as straight as a lance staff a hundred feet or more, as we had seen thousands of instances in the great forest where we came to grief. Sometimes there would be stretches of two or three leagues of bamboo jungle, where scarcely a stem above three inches in diameter could be found, growing as close together as ever grew canes in a lower Mississippi cane brake. Then again we would come upon a patch where the canes were of all sizes, from that of a mere switch to a respectable tree, all mingled in promiscuously.

In South America, as well as India and several other tropical and semi-tropical corners of the world, the bamboo ministers in some useful way to more necessities of man than any other thing, either vegetable or animal, that the world produces. Beginning with its usefulness in its largest forms, there are towns and villages built entirely of bamboo. First, an upright frame work of the stouter canes, woven in with a small growth, like an osier basket. Bamboos of large size are split open, beaten out flat, and covered with fine matting, make even, lasting and excellent floors. Others, split and laid concave side upwards, with another tier reversed covering the up-turned edges of the first course, form a capital, cool, water-proof roof. Fine bamboo lattice work supplies the place of glazed windows—within doors there are bamboo beds, tables, chairs, kitchen utensils and artistic ornaments; without, bamboo fences, vehicles, implements, boats, bridges, viaducts and water wheels. In short, so universally is bamboo in use in many South American regions, that if by some sudden act of Providence the supply were to be cut off forever, the extinction of whole communities of humanity would speedily follow as a natural sequence. They would die without bamboo, having all other appliances of life and luxury that the world affords.

THE SHOWER OF METEORS.

Magnificent Display in England and Scotland.

The foreign mails received by the Scotia bring full accounts of the shower of meteors observed in England and Scotland on the morning of the 14th inst. The display was magnificent, especially in London, where the sky was covered with flashing meteors in such numbers as almost to defy computation. In other parts of England the number was smaller, and at Liverpool a storm prevented observations; but wherever the shower was visible the most brilliant effects of color were produced, and some singular phenomena attended the course of the meteors.

The Times of the 15th has the following account of the display observed in the neighborhood of Paddington Green:—

"The fiery shower foretold by the science of America and Europe for the night of the 13th-14th of November in this year, was seen in full splendor yesterday morning between the hours of twelve and two. From about eleven o'clock occasional meteors might be seen gliding along the sky from east to west, but these were only the *avant couriers* of the great legion that followed at a later hour.

"The numbers increased after twelve o'clock with great rapidity. From Paddington Green, a fairly open position, 207 meteors were counted between 12 and 12 30, and of these the greater number fell after 12.20. The next hundred was counted during the six minutes that succeeded the half-hour. Soon after this it became impossible for two people to count the whole that were visible from this station; and doubtless from positions with a purer atmosphere, and a wider horizon, the spectacle must have been one of surpassing splendor. Indeed, from a window at Highgate, looking N.N.E., but with a circumscribed view, an observer counted 100 meteors in the four minutes between 12.32 and 12 36, and no less than 200 in the two minutes between 12 57 and 12 59.

"As the constellation Leo rose over the houses north of Paddington Green and cleared itself of the haze, the divergence of the meteor-paths from a point within it became obvious, not merely in the directions of the streams that shot from or through the zenith, but in those that left their phosphorescent trails in the sky towards every point of the compass.

"Sometimes their rocket-like lines of light would glide out like sparks flying from an incandescent mass of iron under the blows of a Titanic hammer, but with the distinctive features, first, of those lingering lines of illuminated haze in their track, and secondly, of their rarely appearing as if they originated in the region of the sky from which their course evidently diverged.

"Sometimes the meteor was orange and almost red in its color, whereas the luminous trail seemed almost always, probably by contrast with the surrounding light, of a bluish hue. In one splendid instant the trail, after having nearly disappeared, together with the rocket-head that had produced it, became again lit up and visible coincidently with a sort of resuscitation of brightness in the body of the meteor. Now and then a little illuminated puff-ball would appear in the middle of the constellation Leo, generally more or less elongated or elliptic in form, as it seemed to be more or less distant, and at the same time convergent from an imaginary point that seemed about 3 deg. S. by E. of the star *gamma* Leonis; and one, as near as could be estimated to such a point, was simply a star that waxed and waned, and disappeared as one looked at it.

"Sometimes a minute point of light, like a fire-fly, would dart with an angular, jerking motion and zig-zag course hither and thither, but still as if away from Leo.

"Only about three meteors were seen during an hour and a half to take a direction manifestly opposed to that of these diverging multitudes. The meteors which shot towards the western horizon seemed more brilliant and larger in their courses than those which dropped into the eastern; indeed, very few seemed even to reach the roofs of the houses from behind which Leo had arisen. This was possibly only an effect of perspective, or it may have arisen from the curtailment of the view.

"As regards the long lines of light that lingered in the paths of the meteors it seemed that generally they were more dense and brightest towards the middle of the visible path of the meteor, while the meteor itself seemed brightest just before its extinction, an effect possibly due to an obscuration in the middle of its course by matter thrown off from it. The meteors seemed also to lose velocity as they went; but this might have been the result of perspective in those passing through the zenith.

"One singular feature in these celestial fireworks was the rapidity with which the maximum of frequency came on and went off again. About two o'clock the meteors seemed to have become as scarce as they were at twelve, though they continued in smaller numbers till the verge of daybreak.

"From half past twelve or a quarter to one until about a quarter past or half-past one, the heavens seemed veritably alive with stars rushing in many parts of the sky, in groups of two or three together or in immediate succession on each other, seeming as though racing over the blue vault, except that their courses so rapidly diverged.

"The cloudless beauty of the night near London was a happy circumstance, on which we may congratulate every 'watcher of the skies,' not only as allowing the forecasts of the astronomers to be thus signally and splendidly verified, but still more as having, we trust, enabled them to take such a store of facts regarding the nature of the light and of the motion of meteors, and so many simultaneous observations of them in different parts of our islands, as may lead to some accurate knowledge of their laws and their nature, and add one more chapter to the sublime volume of astronomical physics."

The Vote of the Large Cities.

New York city and county	113,585
Philadelphia city and county	103 000
Brooklyn and Kings county	48 919
Cincinnati and Hamilton county	40,448
Baltimore city and county	21,600
St. Louis city and county	21,186
Chicago and Cook county	20 946
Boston and Suffolk county	14,570

☞ A man in Lewisburg, Preble county, Ohio, having died of delirium tremens, his wife brought suit for damages against two men of whom he had been accustomed to buy liquor. The County Court awarded her $500 from one of the men, and $200 from the other.

Reminiscences of Kit Carson.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial has had an interview with Kit Carson, who communicated to him the following reminiscences:

"All the Indians, hunters and trappers ride with short stirrups. I am almost bow legged from it. It is more important to the Indian than to the white man, as it is only by aid of the stirrup that he can shift his position, hanging down on one side, so as to conceal all his body but his leg. His leg is all you have to fire at, as he throws himself on the side buttocks, or around the neck of the horse. On this account, also, they hang the stirrups well forward.

"Some one referred to Carson's intimate knowledge of Indian strategy. 'Why, yes, I am up to a good many of their tricks, but they fooled me once—they fooled me pretty bad that time. I'll tell you about it. It was in—let me see—yes, 1835. There were six of us hunters out after buffalo, up in the Snake country. We had a pretty good hunt, and came into camp at night intending to start in next morning with our hunt. Well, we camped. Had a good many dogs with us, some of them good dogs. They had barked a good deal, and we heard wolves. As I lay by the fire, I saw one or two big wolves sneaking about camp—one of them quite in it. Gordon wanted to fire, but I would not let him, for fear of hitting some of the dogs.

"'I had just a little suspicion that the wolves might be Indians, but when I saw them turn short round, and heard the snap of their teeth when the dogs came too close to one of 'em, I felt easy then, and made sure it was a wolf. The Indian fooled me that time. Confound the rascal'—becoming animated—'confound the rascal, do you think he didn't have two old buffalo bones in his hand that he cracked together every time he turned to snap at the dogs? Well, by-and-by we dozed off asleep, and it wasn't long before I was awoke by a crash and a blaze. I jumped straight for the mules and held 'em. If the Indians had been smart, they'd a had us all, but they run as soon as they fired. They killed but one of us—poor Davis. He had five bullets in his body, and eight in his buffalo robe. The Indians were a band of Sioux, on the war path after the Snakes, and came on us by accident. They tried to waylay us next morning, but we killed three of 'em, including their chief.

"When I first went over into California, in 1829, the valleys were full of Indian tribes. Indians were thick everywhere, and I saw a great deal of some large and flourishing tribes. When I was there again in 1859, they had all disappeared, and when I inquired about certain tribes I had seen on the spot, I was told by the people living there that they had never heard of them.'"

Voices—What they Indicate.

There are light, quick, surface voices, that involuntarily seem to utter the slang, "I won't do to tie to." The man's words may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, yet the tone contradicts his speech.

Then there are low, deep, strong voices, where the words seem ground out, as if the man owed humanity a grudge, and meant to pay it some day. The man's opponents may well tremble, and his friends may trust his strength of purpose and ability to act.

There is the coarse, boisterous, dictatorial tone, invariably adopted by vulgar persons, who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own insignificance.

There is the incredulous tone, that is full of a covert sneer, or a secret "You can't dupe me" intonation.

There is the whining, beseeching voice, that says "sycophant" as plainly as if it uttered the word. It cajoles and flatters you—its words, "I love you; I admire you; you are every thing you should be."

Then there is the tender, musical, compassionate voice, that sometimes goes with sharp features, (as they indicate merely intensity of feeling,) and sometimes with blunt features, but always with genuine benevolence.

If you are full of affectation and pretence your voice proclaims it.

If you are full of honesty and strength of purpose your voice proclaims it.

If you are cold, and calm, and firm, and consistent, or fickle, and foolish, and deceptive, your voice will be equally truth-telling.

You cannot wear a mask without its being known that you are wearing one.

You cannot change your voice from a natural to an unnatural tone without its being known that you are doing so.—*Agnes Leonard.*

☞ An English paper says:—"Two American women are gaining for themselves a species of notoriety at present, at least so far as affording an item of material towards gossip in English drawing-rooms is concerned. One of these is Dr. Mary Walker, who is in London, and is reported as having astonished the students of the Middlesex Hospital by her appearance there in masculine costume. She is said to wear a low-crowned plain felt hat, a dark plush coat, not quite reaching to the knees, and black cloth trowsers. We understand that Dr. Mary Walker appeared in a similar dress at Manchester, and was the means of eliciting a considerable amount of attention, astonishment and ridicule."

☞ A Valuable Article of Commerce.—A great impetus has been given to the use of sulphate of baryta, or "heavy spar," by the paper collar trade. When the collars were covered with white lead there was fear that the health might be endangered by this substance. Barytes has therefore been substituted with so much success that twenty tons per day are used in New York in the collar manufactories alone. It is also used as a substitute for white lead in painting, and in enamelling cards.

☞ People boast of success—even the smallest; but we learn wisdom from failure much oftener than from success. "Often," says a philosophical writer, "we discover what *will* do, by finding out what will not do. He who never made a mistake probably never made a discovery."

☞ Concerning his visit to Pittsburg, Mr. Samuel Bowles says:—"Our tax-paying virtue was tried by visiting Knap's great cannon foundry, and finding it still busy manufacturing Dahlgren's and Rodman's guns by the quantity for the Government. A monster gun, the third ever made of such monstrous size, was just being finished. Its weight is 115,200 pounds, its length 243 inches, its diameter 54 inches, its bore 20 inches wide and 210 inches long, and it shoots a ball that weighs 1,000 pounds, and requires 50 pounds of powder to load it. The cost of such guns is $30,000 a piece."

☞ Elizabeth Cady Stanton recently sent the editor of the Albany Journal a bottle of Soothing Syrup. Not very refined that. Mrs. Stanton received *eight* votes for Congress.

A Yankee Colony.

The Yankee colony to the Holy Land made the passage in forty-two days, and were kindly received by the Turkish government. They will speedily introduce to the benighted Asiatics subsoil ploughs, mowing machines, steam engines and the electric telegraph. They will transform the appearance of the Holy City. They may put up a cotton factory on Mount Moriah, and run a saw-mill with the water of the Brook Kedron. They will plant Indian corn on the Mount of Olives, and perhaps pumpkins in the Valley of Hinnom. Bean poles will support their leguminous treasures in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The establishment of a Congregational Church on Mount Zion and the erection of gas works opposite the Hebron Gate may be reckoned among the possibilities of this strange emigration, which recompenses the world for the migrations always hitherto from the East to the West, by sending a few pioneers back again. The following letter is (published in the Ellsworth American) from one of the colonists, Mark T. Wentworth:—

Jaffa, (Syria,) Oct. 10th, 1866.

Hon. S. Wasson:—

Dear Sir—We arrived here in forty days from Jonesport, after a very pleasant passage. I find the country much better than Adams represented it. It is now the dryest and most barren season of the year, but there is plenty of everything for food. There is beef, mutton and camel's meat in abundance, chickens and eggs, flour, beans, peas, coffee, sugar and milk, all very cheap.

There is nothing to prevent making money here, with a little American enterprise. The natives don't know as much about cultivating the land as a wild Indian. The American, English and French Consuls have given us all the assistance we need.

The Sultan of Turkey is also in favor of our establishing a colony here. He allows us to land our goods free of duty.

I forgot to tell you that I have seen some of those large flat-tailed sheep; their tails will weigh from eight to ten pounds, all fat, which will make about six pounds of tallow.

You can raise wheat, barley and corn. Sugar cane is growing here in great abundance without any rain or irrigation, and the people don't know how to make molasses from it. Oranges, lemons and pomgranites are growing now in the greatest profusion in gardens that are watered, and this is the second crop.

With three hours labor a day a man can live easy and independent, but of course he will not gain much property with that much work.

☞ The Bonnet Fashions.—The consistency of the fair sex, in the matter of fashions in head-dresses, is something marvellous. Having worn immense pads of wool on the back of their heads all summer, they commence the winter with no better protection than a thin triangular strip of velvet on the top of the cranium. Of course, neuralgia and toothache will flourish like a green bay tree. "Allah is great"—but "A la mode" is infinitely greater.

☞ Pins.—The daily demand for pins in England is said to be 15,000,000, and to manufacture them, 2,727 pounds of brass wire are consumed. One firm in Birmingham consumes in the manufacture of pins 336,000 pounds of brass wire a year.

☞ The author of "Ecce Homo" has been found in Professor Seeley, of the University College, London.

☞ Professor Marsh, of Yale College, pronounces the fossils recently found at Cohoes, N. Y., the bones of a female mastodon, of full growth, though comparatively young, and says that the animal must have existed over ten thousand years ago.

☞ Archdeacon Dennison, of England, wants the peasantry to play foot-ball after sermons on Sunday.

☞ A fashionable lady at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, wore her new bonnet to church last Sunday wrong side before, somewhat to the amusement of the few who knew the difference. None of those religiously inclined noticed the error.

☞ "When was Rome built?" inquired a "competative" examiner. "In the night, sir!" "In the night? how do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day!"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues very dull. About 5000 bbls sold at $8@8,50 for superfine; $9@10 for extra; $11,25@12,50 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for fancy; $13@14 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14,50@15,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $7,25@7,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull. About 6000 bus fair to good Penna red sold at from $2,65@2 90, 3000 do Southern do at $3@3,20, and small lots of white at from $3,20@3,30 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye sells at $1,35@1,35 for good old western and $1,37@1,40 ₩ bus for Penna. Corn—8000 bus prime old yellow sold at $1,15@1,20, and 12,000 bus new at from 90c@$1 ₩ bus, as to condition. Oats—18,000 bus Penna and Delaware sold at 57@59c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull. Small sales are making at $24 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 16@21c for plain and fancy canvassed Bacon Hams; 14@14½c for Pickled do; 12@12½c for Salt Shoulders. Beef Rums are held at $35 ₩ bbl. Lard—Sales of bbls and tes are making at 13@13½c ₩ lb, and kegs at 15@16c. Butter—Small sales are making at 29@35c for roll; 30@32c for dairy, and 15@16c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 17@18c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 35@36c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been dull. Sales of about 600 bales of Middlings, in lots, at 33@34½c for Uplands, and 35@36½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 40@41c ₩ lb.

COAL continues inactive. Sales are making at $5,25@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 64@65c, and choice at 87@90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $2@6 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples—8,000 lbs sold at 8½@10½c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpared quarters at 16@17c, halves at 20@21c, and pared at from 24@25c ₩ lb.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime now sell at 65@75c, and fair to good at 45@60 ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Clover-seed—Sales are making at $9@9,25 for old, and $9,25@10 ₩ bus for new. Timothy is selling at $3,25@3,50. Flaxseed sells at $3,25@3,30 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at 2,65@2,67 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—bbls sell at $2,35@2 36 for Pennsylvania, and $2,44@2,43 ₩ gal for Ohio.

TALLOW continues dull; city rendered sells at 12c, and country at 11½@11½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales are reported at 62@63c for extra fine; 57@58 for fine; 49@51c for medium; 43@45c for coarse; 50@51c for tub washed; 32@34c for unwashed; and 33@34c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 15@15½c ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to $70 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6½c ₩ lb. 1300 Hogs sold at from $9,00@10,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM ENGRAVING.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" have resolved to reduce their terms to club subscribers for the coming year, and to offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up the clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We design commencing, in the first number of January, a new story, called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," have been so eagerly read in our paper during the present year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

Special Offer to New Subscribers.

New subscribers for 1867, will have their names entered on our list the very week their names are received. Thus new subscribers who send on their names by the first of November, will receive THE POST for November and December, in addition to the whole of 1867—making Fourteen Months in all. Those who send by the first of December, will receive Thirteen Months. This is both a liberal and an unusual offer—and will probably never be repeated.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) - - - - - - $2.50

CLUBS.

2 copies - - - - - -	$4.00	14 copies (and one to getter-up of club)	$20.00
4 " - - - - - -	6.00	20 " " " " "	28 00
5 " (and one to getter-up of club	8 00	25 " " " " "	35.00
8 " " " "	12.00	1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend	4.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S and SPENCER'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

No. 1.	For 4 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth - - -	$2.00
" 2.	For 8 " "	2.50	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth - -	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth - -	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth - -	7.00
				or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth - - -	10.00
				or a Silver Plated Castor, worth - - - -	10.00
No. 3.	For 10 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth - - -	12.00
				or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth - - -	12.00
" 4.	For 12 " "	2.50	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth - - - -	14.00
" 5.	For 16 " "	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth - - - - -	20.00
" 6.	For 20 " "	2.50	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth - - - -	25.00
" 7.	For 24 " "	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth - - - - -	30.00
" 8.	For 30 " "	2.50	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth - -	35.00
" 9.	For 30 " "	2.50	"	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth - -	85.00
" 10.	For 40 " "	2.50	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth -	80.00
" 11.	For 50 " "	2.50	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth - - - -	75.00
" 12.	For 50 " "	2.50	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth - -	80.00
" 13.	For 50 " "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth	70.00
" 14.	For 75 " "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth	110.00
" 15.	For 75 " "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth - - - - - - - -	110.00
" 16.	For 200 " "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth - - - - -	200.00
" 17.	For 40 " "	2.50	"	one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c., - - - - - - -	55.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list, is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or for The Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engravings at once.

THE PREMIUMS.

No. 1. The Propeller Pencil is made of Gutta Percha, with 10 carat gold mounting, finely chased. It is both useful and handsome.

No. 2. The Silver Plated Spoons, and Forks, and Castors are of the first quality, heavily plated on good white metal. The pattern is good, and they are the workmanship of one of the best makers. The castors contain six cut glass bottles, and are revolving.

The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We offer the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

No. 7. Is also a Silver Lever Watch with a hunting case, and a finer finished article than No. 5.

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No. 9. Is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as we have offered for the last four years. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

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FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.

Looking Under the Bed.

It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges, if indulgence it can be called, in this peculiar practice. I do not object to it in the least, so long as she does not enforce the performance upon myself; but when, as is sometimes the case, she forgets it until she has put out the light and ensconced herself under the comforter, then it is hard that I, who am not troubled with nervous apprehensiveness, should have to get out into the cold and do it for her. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better-half invariably rejoins:—

"La, Evergreen! what harm does it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under the bed, and then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."

"I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigations further and look into the bureau-drawers and clothes-basket."

"Evergreen," she will rejoin, "don't mention the idea, or I shall certainly do it. Come to think of it, a man could very easily get into the clothes-basket!"

"Certainly he could, my dear, quite as easily as Falstaff. You should certainly include the clothes-basket, and, by-the-by, there's the chimney; why not look up that as well?"

"Now, Evergreen, you are laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it."

So under the bed goes the candle, and, no signs of humanity being discovered, Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace. But, as already supposed, this precautionary act is sometimes forgotten, and I am myself obliged to rise, light the lamp and report. I've done it more frequently of late than is agreeable, and have intimated as much to Mrs. E. She says:—

"Very well, Evergreen, I'll do it myself."

But this procedure is almost as bad, for she invariably lets the cold in on me both in getting out and getting in. If it were not for increasing the mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen, by giving her some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public more particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature, rather apprehensive and slightly superstitious, and what I have to say must under no circumstances be mentioned to her. If for two-and-twenty years, (that is the period of our wedded life, and happy years have they been)—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as you know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have love affairs, before they eventually fix their affections on one who is to bless their lot in life. I know that I had and I don't regret it. Regret it? far from it. Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that if I had to live my life over again I'd like to go through with the same sentimental experience, particularly if it was to be succeeded by again leading to the hymenial altar the present Mrs. Evergreen.

I was not bad looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further and confidently say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believe that I could have had any of them "for the asking." As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and I indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any of the Oakville girls, however, and I might have kept my heart whole to this day if it had not been for the circumstance which I am about to relate.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make a visit at Oakville "for a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about a little among the "young ladies." When that time had expired, Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of his long absence; but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by a letter and sending for his trunks. I knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his five senses. Fred used to put it to the "country air and the quiet which was benefitting his health," etc.; but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he owned up frankly, and I promised to help him all I could, if he required any help, in the prosecution of his suit. I never thought Belle a flirt, or that she would willingly distress any human being; but she had a way of looking into one's eyes, as if to captivate them for her mere personal amusement. At any rate she had a larger share of beaux than any of the other girls; but all their attentions came to nothing. I feared it might be so with Fred Evans, and warned him accordingly; but Fred said he'd "have her, if he tried all his life;" that "without her life was nought to him;" that "she was the only living being who had ever awakened a real emotion in his breast," etc., etc.

After that I said no more, but closely observed the lovers, and soon came to the conclusion that Fred was by no means disagreeable to her. Things went on in this way without any definite result until Fred received a sudden summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit he insisted upon staying at the Oakville Hotel, rather than wear out his welcome at our house, and finding remonstrances unavailing there he went. The landlord (honest old Downsbury—I wonder if he yet lives) gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best bedroom, "No. 20"—I am particular in mentioning the number. "He shall have No. 20," said Downsbury. "Any friend of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best I have to give as long's I'm landlord." It was a pleasant room, looking out on the distant hills and the beautiful winding branch of the Blackwater; but what cared Fred for scenery? he was in the hands of the blind god, and could not see even as far as his nose, except in the direction of Belle's cottage. I used to go over to Fred's room and smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch, expatiated on his sufferings, doubts and solicitudes. Did she love him? that was the question which disturbed every moment of his existence, and to which, with the closest reasoning, he could not bring himself a satisfactory reply. Sometimes he thought a word or a sign settled the point beyond a doubt in his favor; at others he fancied he read a coolness and indifference in her eyes. In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question, less a hasty step might bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation I promised to sound Belle as to her sentiments, if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery. It so happened, however, that my services were not called into requisition. Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousins, was obliged to give up her room—her mother's cottage being a small one—and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We would cheerfully have offered her guests accommodation at our house, but we were in the same predicament. An agricultural fair in the village had brought many strangers into the place, and our own guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone, or suspect the fact, which afterwards became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guest for the night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up I took a book to await his return, and hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke on him I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal I knew he had a detestation) as soon as he entered the room. The door opened, and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquial faculty by giving a long-drawn *miaow*, when from my hiding-place I beheld Belle Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment.

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not, as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost. I dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and so facilitate my escape. She, however, locked the door, removed the key, and, as I knew by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally she kneeled down beside the bed, and clasping her hands and bowing her head (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my very ear), she offered up her evening prayer in a manner so full of feeling, and with such accents of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. That prayer won my heart; but one portion went *through* it and held it captive. Never shall I forget my feelings of surprise and deep emotion when I heard her utter these words: "Bless my dear mother, sisters and friends; bless all around me, and, oh, God! bless him I love, Augustus Evergreen, and shower down Thy mercies over him. Amen." "Ah, Augustus," said my divinity to herself, as she rose from her devotional attitude, "if you but knew that I named your very name in my prayers, you would be less indifferent to me?"

If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle, pure as an angel to me then, and white as a snow-flake, proceeded to turn off the gas and get into bed. I felt her soft pressure over my head, and shrunk closer and closer to the hard floor upon which I was extended. What thoughts rushed through my brain! Above me lay a young and unsophisticated girl wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay so closely to her, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him, by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven! I knew then that the night must pass away, and the morning come, and that Belle must first leave the apartment before I could venture to change even my position.

Belle had been perfectly motionless for several minutes, and was, I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed to herself: "There—I haven't looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me; all is lost; what should I do? Belle rose, and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving toward the gas light, when the lucifer went out leaving all darkness again. Blessed relief; but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and trying to light one after another, as they failed to ignite; then ah, "Oh, dear, there are no more!" escaped from her lips. "Safe! safe!" whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God in silence for my deliverance. Belle groped back to bed, but did not immediately get in; she stooped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom, and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far as she could reach. I almost felt her fingers grass my face as I held myself fearfully and silently against the wall too far, just too far, for her reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near her, she lay down in bed again, and I counted her respirations till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was entirely out of the question. I never was so wide awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought the night out—thought of her and her love for me; thought of myself and my love for her. Yes, I was convinced from that moment that the hand of destiny was in it, and that a benign and all-wise Providence had seen fit in this extraordinary way to open my eyes to the path of happiness and peace.

With the morning light fears came upon me less my unconscious room-mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousin at an early breakfast, and she had overslept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door, and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of concealment and escaping from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred coming out of his room, who exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow? You look like the last days of an illspent life. And your coat, too—why, it's all over feathers and dust. Where *have* you been?"

"Why, I slept—slept *out* last night; that's all. Our house is full, so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just going home to dress."

"I should say so, decidedly. I see it all, old fellow! You've been on a lark, and had to put up in the watch-house; come now, own up and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, if not a *lark*, what kind of a bird was it? From the looks of the feathers I should say it was a *goose*."

"*You're* the goose, Fred. But, seriously, I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. Be a man, Fred, and make up your mind to hear something excessively disagreeable. It must be told you sooner or later, and I may as well tell it now."

"Good heavens, Gus, how earnest you look at me; you don't mean to say that—that anything has happened to Belle Bronson?"

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she never'll be anything to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has long been attached to somebody else, and that somebody else means to marry her. There is no mistake about it; so bear up and try your luck elsewhere."

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by mere hearsay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville, and I did not see him again for several years, when, meeting him in town one day, I insisted on bringing him home with me, and presenting him to his old flame, Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Fred!" said he, after dinner, when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—"Ah, Fred, you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick—one of which I never suspected you!"

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence, of course, as I tell you, reader,) all about the bedroom affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

Curious Custom.

An English gentleman who has lately travelled in Palestine, recently gave a description of the curious scenes that are enacted in the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

He said that when you first entered the church, you would be surprised to see a party of soldiers with their swords by their sides and their guns stacked within reach. It seemed a sacrilege in such a holy place, and struck one rather unpleasantly. But he soon found out the necessity for it. According to the law of the country, every sect is allowed to worship there, and as it is considered equally sacred, both by Christians and Mahomedans, all wish a time for their mode of worship. The law allows them an hour each. They commence at six in the morning. At that hour, those who have the first privilege enter, bringing with them whatever is necessary to conduct their particular religious rites. They go through their prayers and chants, and all is very quiet till about a quarter to seven, when those who have the privilege of the next hour begin to arrive. At first, all is decorum; but presently the new comers begin to hiss and mock. As their numbers increase, and they come stronger, they shove and crowd; and as the time lessens, they get more and more bold. A few minutes before seven, they proceed to more forcible demonstration. They think if they can clear out these blasphemers a few minutes *before* the time, they have done so much good work for God; while the worshippers on the other hand think, if they can keep possession a few minutes *after* the time, they have done an equally good work. As some of the sects use torches, wax candles, staves or crooks, in their worship, they proceed to use these as weapons of offence or defence, and a regular *melee* ensues. Then come in the soldiers, who separate the combatants by filing in between them, turning out those whose hour is up, and leaving the place in possession of the last comers. If blood is shed the church is closed for the day. Such scenes are occurring all day long, and the presence of soldiers is therefore absolutely necessary.—*Wellingford Circular.*

☞ A bankrupt merchant returning home one night, said to his noble wife, "My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence the wife looked calmly into his face and said: "Will the sheriff sell you? Oh! no! Will the sheriff sell me? Oh! no! Will the sheriff sell the children? Oh! no! Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left us."

☞ A gentleman who has been annoyed of late by the repeated solicitations of an expert solicitor of funds, recently gave him a check for twenty dollars, payable to the order of "the biggest bore in Boston." It has not been presented at the bank for payment at the last accounts.

"ONE BY ONE."

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one.
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one,
Their brows are encircled in a golden crown;
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth his children to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one;
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill:
To others the waves run fiercely wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

We, too, shall come to that river side,
One by one;
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
One by one.
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the floods all its banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one.
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.
The waves of the river are dark and cold;
We know not the spot where our feet may hold:
Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen us, send us Thy staff and Thy light,
One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,
One by one;
On *Thee* let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast all our cares and fears to the wind.
Saviour, Redeemer, be Thou in full view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
One by one.

A LONG SWIM.

"Bless my soul! Jones is dead."

"What! your cousin the parson?"

"No, no!"

"Not Jones of the 99th?"

"No. Jones of the *Saragossa*."

"You don't say so. Which of them?"

"Peyton Jones."

"Dear me! I'm very sorry to hear it. Stunning fellow was Peyton Jones. Thoroughly good fellow. What did he die of? It would take a good deal to kill Jones."

"Influenza."

"No! You don't mean to say that influenza killed Jones? Gad! fancy a man who'd had yellow fever three times, dying of influenza!"

"Ay, and who had been chewed for half an hour by a tiger in a jungle."

"Yes, and who awoke one morning with a boa constrictor round his neck."

"Just so, and who took that tremendous swim at Antigua."

"Ah! what was that?"

"Did you never hear of that? Why, it was one of the pluckiest things that was ever done. I am surprised you never heard of that. Surely I must have told you that myself. Goodness knows, I am never likely to forget it; for, but for Peyton Jones, I might not be here now to tell it. Jones was in the *Briareus* when the affair occurred, and the ship was lying in the harbor of Antigua. I was out there at the same time, and saw a good deal of the naval men, and a better set of fellows I wouldn't wish to know. You never were in the West Indies, I think; so I must explain, that outside the regular harbor of Antigua there is a sort of second harbor,—a large bay, the shore of which, on one side, after taking a wide sweep, runs out into the sea for a great distance. Well, one fine day it was arranged that we should have a picnic; so, four or five of the officers, among whom was Peyton Jones, with an Irish doctor and myself for guests, took the ship's pinnace and three men, sailed out of the harbor and across the bay to an eligible spot on the opposite shore, and there picnicked to our hearts' content. The doctor was an invaluable man at festivities of this kind. His tales used to fellow one another like a string of sausages; the head of one joined to the tail of another by a 'Faith, and that reminds me'—particularly funny to listen to, from the absence of anything in the first story that could by any possibility have suggested the second.

"On the occasion I am speaking of, he kept us in roars of laughter all day; telling stories and singing songs incessantly till it was time to think about returning. So, after one more tale, which, being of an exceedingly comic character, reminded the doctor of a very distressing case at that time in hospital, we finished the other bottle, and in a short time were afloat. No sooner were we under way, than Dr. O'Grady got up an argument with Jones, who was at the helm, upon the subject of steering; and in a short time requested, on the ground that illustration was necessary to render his views clear, to be allowed to give a practical example of his powers as a steersman. This Jones at first objected to; but public feeling running strongly in favor of the doctor's being allowed to try his hand, and the doctor giving this feeling voice with a force and eloquence peculiar to himself, the end of the matter was, that he was soon seated comfortably at the helm, singing the *Groves of Blarney*.

"For a short time the voyage went on very smoothly; but just as O'Grady was in the middle of an amazingly funny comparison between Arion, whose singing attracted the dolphins, and himself, whose voice appeared to possess a certain charm for sharks, a sudden gust of wind took us and laid us on our beam-ends.

"'Port your helm!' shouted Jones, jumping up, and making for the tiller. 'Port, O'Grady! Port!'

"'The same t' you, and plenty of it,' replied the doctor, still facetious, though a thought flurried. 'Port it is!'

"But, unfortunately, port is wasn't. By a little error of the doctor's, it was starboard instead; and the result was that in another moment we were all struggling in the water, and the pinnace was keel uppermost. As several of the party could not swim, the first thing to do was to look after them, and help them to scramble up on to the keel. Peyton Jones, who was a magnificent swimmer, and all of us who could swim at all, worked zealously at this, splashing as much as possible the while, in order to keep the sharks away; and in a very short time, a long row of moist, uncomfortable bodies ornamented the bottom of the capsized boat.

"'Are we all here now?' cried Jones, who was at the end of the line. 'One, two, three—Good Heavens! where's the doctor?'

"'Help!' shrieked a man who was at the other end of the boat,—'help, help! Here's a shark at my leg. He's got my foot in his mouth.'

"'Faith, and if it is a shark,' said the voice of the doctor from the water, 'ye'll never be troubled with corns on that foot again. But this is no fish, but an Irelander, fortunately for you, Thompson. Lend a hand, bhoys. It's myself, and no mistake. That's right. Ah, ye ungrateful baste,'—apostrophizing the boat,—'what did ye go turning over in that way for, afther I'd been steering ye so carefully, and all?'

"'By Jove, I thought we'd picked all up,' said Jones. 'I'd forgotten you, O'Grady.'

"'Upon my conscience,' said the doctor, frankly, 'and you were justified in that same, for, faith! I forgot myself when I undertook to steer. But who could have expected that a boat which was going on so mighty pleasant, would have turned suddenly over on its stomach, in that ungraceful fashion?'

"'I did not know you could swim, doctor,' some one said.

"'I'm not, perhaps, what ye'd call altogether a fine swimmer,' O'Grady returned; 'but if it's diving ye want, I'm the bhoy. Bedad, it was that that detained me just now. No sooner did I come up, than down I went again; and if my attention had not been caught by Thompson's foot, faith! I can't exactly say to the minute when I should have stopped.'

"'Well, we're all here now, at any rate,' said Jones; 'but what's to be done next? Has any one any suggestion to make?'

"'And is it suggestion you mane?' said O'Grady; 'then it's myself that has, and here it is: if any gentleman is in the possession of a brandy-flask, let him pass it down here.'

"No gentleman was. All the brandy left undrunk was in the hamper, and where the hamper was, the sharks knew better than we.

"'Bad luck to the hamper!' said the doctor; 'and bad luck to the fellow who put the brandy into it; and worse luck of all to the shark that will come into so fine a property, and may the glass bottle cut the coat of his stomach into ribbons. Amen.'

"'Stop fooling, O'Grady,' said Jones. 'The business is very serious.'

"And, by Jove, it was. Here were nine or ten of us, wet to the skin, sitting on the keel of a capsized boat, two full miles from shore, with no possibility of making way either forwards or backwards. In addition to all this, the bay swarmed with sharks, and the night—which comes on with a rush out there, you know—was just falling, so that there was no chance of being seen and picked up. If we were forced to remain in this desperately uncomfortable situation all night, there was every probability that some one, overcome by sleep, would be slipping off his unpleasant perch into the sea; and it was quite certain that the sharks, attracted by such a promising feast, would be cruising about us on all sides, waiting, like dogs, for the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables. But what was to be done? The only remedy was one that it made me shudder to think of—that some one should undertake to swim two miles, in defiance of the sharks and the darkness, and carry the intelligence of our misfortune to the ship. A more risky expedition you can scarcely imagine, and it almost took my breath away when I heard Jones's voice from the end of the row say: 'Somebody must go and get assistance, and as I'm the best swimmer of you all, I'll go.'

"'By gad! think of the sharks, old fellow,' said the man next to him.

"'Just what I sha'n't do,' said Jones; 'I shall think of them as little as possible. There's no help for it, you know; some one must go.'

It was so thoroughly one man taking the danger of ten on his own shoulders, that each of us, from very shame, endeavored to dissuade him; but as all that we could say made no impression upon him, a midshipman named Knapton, who was a very good swimmer, declared he'd accompany him.

"'It's better for two of us to go,' said Knapton; 'for if only one went, and he where to come to grief on the way, you know, these fellows would be no better off than they are now.'

"People talk a good deal about our national degeneracy now-a-days; it doesn't look much like national degeneracy, I imagine, when, out of ten men—some of whom, as not being able to swim at all, must be left out of the account—two could be found to go in for such a very forlorn hope as this. Well, Jones and Knapton stripped themselves to the skin—the less luggage you take on a journey of this kind, the better—and dashed into the water: and you may fancy with what anxious hearts we on the boat watched, as long as the failing light would let us, their heads rising and falling with the waves, and the splashing made by their feet.

"'Kick well,' Jones shouted to Knapton, for he knew what cowards sharks are, and what a little thing will sometimes frighten them,—'kick well; make as much splash as possible; it's your only chance, if they get a sight of you.'

"And there we sat in silence—even the doctor was dumb for the time—staring after the two heroes; for heroes they were, if there are such things at all: first their heads were lost in the darkness; then the white foam made by their feet; and knowing, as we did, the dangers that surrounded them, when we lost sight of that, the hope that they could ever reach the shore seemed to mix with the darkness, and to be lost as well. It is a terribly painful thing to have to remain inactive while others are incurring great danger; to feel that you cannot raise a finger to help them, however desperate their position. I don't know that I ever passed a more wretched time than I did after Jones and Knapton had got beyond our sight. As I sat shivering on that dismal boat, thinking of those two fellows swimming along in the midst of perils which they had no power to avoid, there came into my mind a scene from an old book which I had not read since I was a child, in which a man had to pass in the dead of night through a valley set everywhere with snares and pitfalls, which in the darkness he could not see, but still was forced to go walking blindly on, conscious that at any moment he might step into absolute destruction.

"But Jones and the midshipman were swimming steadily all the while, for some time almost side by side; their faces set for the shore, and their thoughts dwelling as little as possible upon what might at any moment happen down below. Some men—I among them—have a horror of touching anything under water; and I am certain that if I had been either of those fellows, the very knowledge that every kick I gave might send my foot against a shark, who would snip off my leg in a twinkling, would have acted like the touch of the electrical eel upon me, and deprived my muscles of all power of motion. It did not operate so with them, however. The apprehension of danger only made them more active in trying to escape from it, and for about three quarters of a mile—we could not see them, of course, but, as you may imagine, we had every single incident related to us afterwards—they proceeded swiftly and evenly. But after they had accomplished that distance, Knapton began to drop gradually behind. He had either overrated his powers, or exhausted himself with kicking too vigorously; at any rate, from whatever cause, when they had gone about a mile, he cried out to Jones: 'I can go no further. I must shut up. You go on. Never mind me,—go on.' Jones, however, was the last man in the world to desert a friend in difficulties; he turned, and swam back to him at once.

"'Are you done up, old fellow?' Jones said to him.

"'Yes,' said the midshipman; 'I can't go on any farther. But you go on; you'd better leave me.'

"'Not I,' said Jones; 'we set out together, and we'll finish together, or not all. Now, look here. Don't you grasp at me, and cling to me; you're too good a swimmer not to know that that's raving madness. Rest your hands upon my hips; let your body float quietly out; and I'll see what I can do.'

"Knapton did exactly as he was bidden; Jones stretched himself out before him; and with more than ever resting upon him now, in every sense of the term, struck out again for the land as resolutely as before. Who was that rusty old hero? Æneas, wasn't it? pious Æneas?—that they make so much fuss about, because he carried his father on his shoulders out of burning Troy, all the while in mortal dread that Greeks would pop out upon him at every corner? Well, he was not a bit more of a hero than Peyton Jones. In fact, give me Jones for choice; for, reckoning the elements as about equally nasty, who would not sooner have to deal with a Greek than a shark? In the first case, you might drop the Governor, and go in at the Greek, without fearing to find the old gentleman a cinder when you turned round to pick him up again. But with Jones it was quite different. If he left Knapton, the poor fellow must have drowned; and as far as the sharks were concerned, he had nothing for it but to swim on, and if the enemy chose to bite his legs off, why they must. Besides, there is another thing to be said for Jones's case,—it is perfectly true; whereas, as regards the feat of Father Æneas, it is—to put it in the mildest way—open to question.

"This is, however, rather a trifling way of speaking of what was no trifle to Jones. As he was swimming on, toiling along with Knapton, more dead than a live, hanging on to him, he suddenly became aware that *one of them* was after him. The demon had found them out at last. It was a sickening moment that; yet, determined never to say die, swimming vigorously to the last, and kicking and splashing with all his might, Jones pushed his way through that awful sea. The shark kept close to them; now on this side, now on that, now diving beneath them, and—'I give you my honor, sir,' Jones said to me himself, 'that once I distinctly felt the beggar's infernal nose touch my thigh, and the horror of that nearly finished me.' Heaven knows how he reached the shore a whole man, but he did reach it at last, and brought Knapton with him too, fainting certainly, but without a limb short.

"Well, he had got to the land, and that was the principal thing. After struggling through two miles of sea, dragging a half-dead man along with you, and dodging sharks, any land would seem a paradise; but still it is not exactly the thing for a gentleman in these days to make his appearance on *terra firma* in the very same costume as that in which Adam first made his. In his joy at reaching land, and bringing his friend safely with him, Jones had forgotten his state of undress; but when he had carried Knapton in his arms up the beach, and had laid him out, as if to dry, well above high-water mark, then, as he was starting off at a run in the direction of the harbor, the full conviction of his absolute clothelessness came over him with crushing force. How on earth was he to make his way to the harbor, and to appear on the deck of H. M. S. *Briareus* without a single thing to cover him except his own confusion? It was a dreadful dilemma, and for a moment Jones almost regretted that the sharks had not delivered him from the difficulty; but a moment's thought, and the recollection of the miserable plight in which his friends on the capsized pinnace were, from which nobody but himself could save them, restored his resolution. Muttering to himself that he'd by odds sooner repeat the first part of his undertaking than carry out the last, he set off running towards the harbor. But he was to be spared the horrors of having to give such a bare recital of the calamity as this. His Good Fortune came to his aid,—Fortune, being blind, could do so, of course, without shocking her sense of decency,—and helped him at his need. He had not run far before he saw a big negro coming towards him. The big negro had on a shirt and a pair of trowsers. Now, a shirt and a pair of trowsers are not generally considered a lavish superfluity of clothing; but in Jones's naked condition they seemed nothing less than a monstrous piece of extravagance.

"'A shirt *and* trowsers!' said Jones to himself, as if such a combination had never come beneath his notice before—'a shirt *and* trowsers! He can't require both of them. He must lend me one or other. He shall keep whichever he likes, but one of them I must have.—Here, you!'

"And Jones walked solemnly up to the black, and stated that, situated as the negro could see that he was, he was under the necessity of requesting the negro to resign the moiety of his wearing apparel. He added that he was an officer on board H. M. S. *Briareus*, and would trouble the negro to look sharp. The negro not unnaturally declined to part with either shirt or trowsers. It certainly was rather hard lines for him, when you come to think of it—when you put yourself into his position and garments. That a gentleman, of however high a standing in her Majesty's service, and giving references however unexceptionable, should make his appearance in a state of nature, walk up to you in a lofty manner, and coolly demand a most important part of your clothing, was rather hard lines; and the negro thought so. He flatly refused to consent to the arrangement, and not without having some reason on his side either. And yet, what was Jones to do? He must give the alarm, and he must have some clothes to do it in. There was but one course before him; 'to do a great right,' he must 'do a little wrong.' It was exactly one of those cases in which, there being a show of right on both sides, nothing but might can settle it. It is not every man who, after swimming for two miles, would feel himself in a condition to assault a large negro, but Peyton Jones was one in a thousand.

"'Look here, you rascal,' said Jones, 'I must have your trowsers.'

"'Yah, yah, yah!' laughed the man, as if he were beginning to see the joke.

"'I'll pay you for them, you black scoundrel,' said the gentleman in buff.

"'Yah, yah! Let massa put him hand in him pocket, den, yah, yah!' said the gentleman in black.

"'If you don't give them to me I shall take them,' said Jones.

"'Yah, yah, yah, yah!' laughed the negro, as if the joke had been a good one all along, but here was the cream of it.

"Some men can appreciate no argument but force, thought Jones; so he knocked the negro down. Negroes are, as everybody knows, hard-headed individuals, but one blow from Jones was more than enough for him; with two he would have slain a bull of Bashan. The negro offered no more resistance. Jones took off his trowsers, put them on himself, and showing, to my mind, great moderation in not taking the shirt as well while he was about it, left the *sans-culotte* on the ground, ran off to the harbor, reached his ship, and gave the alarm. The hundred hands of H. M. S. *Briareus* were turned up instantly; boats were sent out; and about ten o'clock that night, when we had given up all hope of being rescued from our distressing position till next day, and had set it down as certain that both Jones and Knapton had become food for sharks, the welcome lights, that assured us not only of our own deliverance, but of the safety of at least one of them, shone through the darkness; and in a few minutes we were all taken off that confounded keel, and lifted into the boat. It was a near thing, though. The boats had been here and there for a couple of hours without finding any trace of us; the lieutenant had given the order to return; and it was only through the boatswain neglecting the order, and making one cast more, happily a successful one, that led to our being rescued. However, 'just in time' is better than 'too late;' relief reached us at last; and in spite of sharks and shipwreck, there was not a man of us lost, thanks to Peyton Jones's heroic conduct in taking that perilous swim in the dark.—And now he's dead, poor fellow!"

"Possibly; but of influenza? No, I'll never believe it."

RECEIPTS.

Kidney Sauce.—This is a breakfast dish. Any kidney will do. If you use a pork kidney, it must be cut in half and soaked in warm water. Take a beef kidney for instance. Cut it in small pieces. Put a little butter in a pan; add a pinch of chopped onion. When well colored by frying, add the kidney. Afterward stir in half a teaspoonful of flour fast, and half a gill of white wine mixed in a bowl with some of the juice. A teaspoonful of chopped parsley may be added to the simmering mass.

Rice Waffles.—Take a teacup and a half of boiled rice, warm it with a pint of milk, mix it smooth, take it from the fire, stir in it a pint of cold milk and a teaspoonful of salt, beat four eggs and stir them in, together with sufficient flour to make it a stiff batter.

Hartshorn Cookies.—One pint of sweet cream; one pound of granulated sugar; one ounce of hartshorn. Pound and sift the hartshorn. Knead very hard; roll very thin; bake quick. These are very nice; will keep one year. This quantity will make one hundred.

Indian Bread.—One quart sour milk, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda, three cups Indian meal, two cups flour—baked in loaf not less than two hours, four is desirable. Slow oven.

Indian Muffins.—At night take two cups of Indian meal; one cup of flour; one teaspoonful of salt; turn hot but not boiling water upon it; let it stand until morning; beat one egg and dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus and mix into the batter; bake in muffin rings, and serve hot.

Scotch Shortbread.—Take ½ lb. fresh butter, 1 lb. flour, ¼ lb. sifted white loaf sugar; work the butter into the sugar by degrees, then add the flour in small quantities; knead it with the hand into either a round or square tin, about an inch thick; prick all over with a fork and mark neatly round the edges, and bake in rather a cool oven for half an hour. A few comfits or strips of orange peel stuck over the top before putting into the oven is an improvement.

Preservation of Oak Doors.—After the doors have been freed from the dirt and old varnish, by washing and scraping, give one coat of boiled linseed oil, covered with a little prepared asphaltum; allow three days for the oil to penetrate the wood and dry; then give two coats of copal varnish, allowing three days between each coat for the varnish to dry. This will restore the doors to their original color.

Marrow and Castor Oil Pomatum.—Procure two fresh marrow bones and remove the marrow carefully out of them, put into cold water until it is quite clean; this will take three or four days, during which the water must be frequently changed. Then put the marrow in a clean bowl, dissolve it, and strain it through muslin; after which add four ounces of castor oil. Beat these together with a silver fork until they are almost cold; but before the pomade sets, add the scent—half an ounce, if strong, will be required. This must not be added until cold, or else it evaporates.

To Cure a Cold put a large teacupful of linseed with a quarter of a pound of sun raisins and two ounces of stick liquorice into two quarts of soft water, and let it simmer over a slow fire till reduced to one quart. Add to it a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar-candy, a tablespoonful of old rum, and a tablespoonful of the best white wine vinegar or lemon juice. The rum and vinegar should be added as the decoction is taken. The dose is half a pint, made warm on going to bed; and a little may be taken whenever the cough is troublesome.

☞ "Sonny, does your father take a paper?" "Yes, sir, two of 'em. One of 'em belongs to Mr. Smith and the other to Mr. Thompson. I book 'em both off the steps as regular as can be."

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"The first evidence which I shall bring before you," said Mr. Penning, "is that of Jane Garrod—a woman of excellent character, and well known, I believe, to several persons present."

Jane Garrod was accordingly called. As the servant who had ushered her into the room was going out, Lady Spencelaugh said: "If Martha Winch is there, tell her to bring me my salts." Once in the room, Mrs. Winch took care not to leave it again. She sat down on a low stool behind Lady Spencelaugh, and was an attentive auditor of all that followed.

Jane courtesied respectfully to Lady Spencelaugh, and then to the assembled company; and then seated herself in the chair indicated by Mr. Penning, a short distance from the table. She was a firm-nerved woman, and neither her manner, nor her voice when she spoke, betrayed the slightest discomposure. After a few preliminary questions from Mr. Greenhough, she began her narrative as under:

"My name is Jane Garrod, and I shall have been married eighteen years come next Lady-day. My father was a small farmer a few miles from Normanford; but he was too poor to keep all his children at home, and when I was old enough, I had to go out to service; and a few years later, I was fortunate enough to be chosen as lady's-maid to Miss Honoria Barry of Dean's Manor—close to where my father lived. Miss Honoria was just seventeen at that time, which was my own age. She was as beautiful as she was good; and it was impossible for any one to be near her without loving her. She took a liking to me, and was very kind to me, and treated me more like a humble friend than a paid servant. Wherever she and her papa went, I went with them; and we travelled about a good deal at different times, both in England and abroad. Miss Honoria had many friends and acquaintances, as was but natural to one in her position; but the friend that she loved above all others was Miss Eveleen Denner. They had been school-girls together, and now they were more like sisters than anything else, and far more devoted to each other than many sisters that I have known. Well, it so fell out, one Christmas, when Miss Eveleen was staying at Dean's Manor, that among other guests invited there for the holidays came Sir Arthur Spencelaugh of Belair—at that time a major in the army, and his cousin, Captain Philip Spencelaugh; both over from India on leave of absence. They had not been twenty-four hours at the Manor, before Sir Arthur was head over ears in love with Miss Honoria, and his cousin was as deeply smitten with the charms of Miss Eveleen. There were ardent lovers in those days; and before two months were over, the double wedding took place.

"My dear Miss Honoria was now Lady Spencelaugh, but that made no difference in her treatment of me; she was just as kind to me as she had always been. We lived here at Belair for eight quiet happy months, and then both Sir Arthur and his cousin were ordered back to India, in consequence of some frontier war that had just broken out. Well, nothing would serve the ladies but that they must go with their husbands; and I, of course, must go with my dear mistress. When we reached Bombay, the war had been snuffed out, and our soldiers were ordered to an up-country station, and we, of course, went with them; and so three or four years passed quietly and pleasantly away, marked with nothing in my memory beyond an occasional removal to a fresh station. But, after a time, Captain Spencelaugh's lady was confined of a son; and a little while afterwards, my dear mistress brought her husband a sweet daughter—no other, in fact, than Miss Frederica here. We had just been celebrating [illegible]'s second birthday, when cholera of a very bad kind broke out at the station, and among its first victims were Sir Arthur Spencelaugh and his poor wife. They were well in the morning, and dead, both of them, at sunset; and they were buried under the walls of the fort at daybreak next morning. The last words my dear mistress said, and they were all she had strength to say, were: 'Take care of baby;' and I promised her solemnly that, with Heaven's help, I would do so as far as in me lay. The captain's wife was away on a visit at the time, but the shock nearly killed her when she heard the news; and as her health had been delicate for some time, the captain (now Sir Philip Spencelaugh, the late baronet's only child being a daughter) determined at once to send her back to England, together with his own child, and his cousin's orphan girl. So we all went down to Bombay, and everything was got ready for the voyage. But misfortune still followed us; for on what was to have been the very last day of our stay, as Lady Spencelaugh was riding out, her horse shied suddenly, and threw her. Her leg was broken by the fall; and although everything was done for her that could be done, fever set in, and she was dead in less than a week. I thought for a time that Sir Philip would have gone crazy, but it takes a deal of grief to kill; and, besides, he had his little son to live for; so he got leave of absence, and we all came over to England together—the baronet, his son, little Miss Frederica, myself, and an ayah, or native nurse, who was in charge of the little motherless lad, with me to look after them both. This ayah, who was never any favorite of mine, was sent back to India a few months after our arrival, the climate of England being too cold for her. We came to Belair, and I and the children settled down here; but Sir Philip soon left us, and went to London, for his melancholy got the master of him in the country. At the end of about eighteen months, we heard that he was going to marry again; and presently he came down to Belair with his bride, the present Lady Spencelaugh. As it had happened after his first marriage, so it happened now: scarcely was the honeymoon over, when he was summoned back to India. This time, he went alone. A short time after Sir Philip had left England, Miss Frederica's health became delicate, and the doctors recommended change of air; so we went to Pevsey Bay, she and I, and were away for about six months. This was two or three months after Mr. Gaston was born. Lady Spencelaugh drove over every fortnight or so, to see how we were getting on, besides which, I had instructions to write to her Ladyship every few days, so that she might know how Miss Frederica's health was progressing. It was while we were staying at Pevsey Bay that news came to us of Master Arthur's illness and death; and I remember as if it was only yesterday, our mourning things being sent over by the Normanford car-

rier; and after we got back home, the first place Miss Frederica and I went to was to Belair church, to see the marble tablet which had been put up to the memory of the dead child. I stayed with Miss Frederica a year or two longer, till she was taken out of my hands, and put under the care of a governess; and I was then free to marry, for I had been engaged many years, and Abel Garrod, my present husband that is, was getting tired of waiting."

"A very interesting piece of family history," said Mr. Greenhough testily, as Jane paused for a moment; "but really, I don't see in what way it bears upon the case now under consideration."

"Mrs. Garrod, I believe, has not quite finished yet," said Mr Penning, dryly.

Mr. Greenhough shrugged his shoulders, glanced at his watch, and began to bite the end of his quill viciously.

"Captain Spencelaugh—that is, the late Sir Philip"—resumed Jane, "on his visit to Dean's Manor, was sometimes accompanied by a younger brother, named Reginald, who had been brought up to be a barrister, but who afterwards went out to Canada, and died there a few years later. I saw Mr. Reginald many different times, and had often occasion to speak to him, and have had presents from him, so that I could not possibly be mistaken as to his appearance. One evening last autumn, as I was walking through the waiting-room at Kingsthorpe Station, I certainly thought that I saw his ghost before me. I was quite scared, so striking was the likeness between the man I saw before me and my late master's youngest brother. I never thought of asking who the stranger was, but set it down as a mere chance likeness, and forgot all about it after a few days; that is, I forgot all about it till I saw the stranger again. The next time I saw him was when he was brought to my door by the Kingsthorpe carrier, who had found him lying wounded and insensible in the high-road. I recognized him again in an instant as the stranger I had seen for a moment one evening about two months before; but, gentlemen, I should quite fail in expressing to you what I felt when the doctor, on stripping the wounded man's shoulder to examine his hurt, pointed out to me a strange mark on that shoulder, exactly similar to the mark which I knew to have been on the shoulder of Master Arthur, who had died twenty years before: there it certainly was, fine for fine, as I so well remembered it.

"I have already said that we brought an ayah with us from India, who had charge of Master Arthur, under me, and who was sent back home after a very short stay in England. This woman was passionately fond of the boy, and before she left Belair, while I was away for a few days burying my mother, she contrived, by some means best known to herself, to mark him on the left shoulder with the figure of a coiled snake holding a lotos-flower in its mouth, done in faint blue lines, which nothing could ever rub out. I was sorely vexed when I got to know about it; and I scolded the woman rarely; but you see it was done, and couldn't be undone. I mentioned it privately to Lady Spencelaugh, but I never spoke of it to Sir Philip—I was afraid of his anger. Both the lotos and the snake, as you gentlemen are perhaps aware, are sacred symbols among the Hindus; and the ayah said the mark was a charm which would carry the child safely through many dangers, and that would bring him back to life when everybody thought he was dead. Of course, I set no store by her gibberish; but I must say, I was startled when I saw on the shoulder of Mr. John English an exact counterpart of the mark which I knew to have been on the shoulder of Master Arthur Spencelaugh, dead twenty years before. And I think, gentlemen, that is all I have to say at present."

"And quite enough, too," muttered Mr. Greenhough.

The vicar had been taking copious notes; and the baronet had tried to follow his example, but had got the tail of one sentence so inextricably mixed up with the beginning of another, that, after several vain efforts to make some sense of what he had already written, he gave up the task in despair. Said the lawyer to the vicar:

"You do not, I hope, my dear sir, attach much importance to the evidence of this woman?"

"Not much, certainly, as the case stands at present," returned the vicar. "Her evidence seems to rest on nothing stronger than one of those coincidences which are by no means so unfrequent in real life as some people imagine. Still, I believe Jane Garrod to be a strictly honest woman; one who would speak the truth conscientiously, as far as she knows it."

"Just so—as far as she knows it," said the lawyer, dryly. "Half-truths are always dangerous things to handle."

"Well, let us proceed a little further, and see what more we can elicit," said the vicar. "Who is your next witness, Mr. Penning?"

"What I propose to do next," said Mr. Penning, "is to read to you the evidence of one James Billings, formerly a footman at Belair, afterwards transported for burglary, and now just released from Portland, after serving out a second sentence."

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Greenhough, grimly. "Pretty company you are introducing us to! I wonder what value any jury would attach to the evidence of such a double-dyed scoundrel. But why is not the fellow himself here?"

"I did not think it necessary to produce him in person on such an occasion as this," said Mr. Penning. "I can, however, have him here for you by to-morrow morning, if you wish it. Meanwhile, I will, with your permission, read this statement, which has been drawn up by Billings himself without any assistance."

"Pray proceed, sir," said the vicar; whereupon Mr. Penning read as under:

"According to promise made and given, I, James Billings, otherwise known as 'Jim the Downy,' now proceed to put down on paper some Recollections of my Early Life.

"To begin at the beginning. You know already that I was footman at Belair, but you don't know how I came to fill that situation; and I must add a few words of explanation, so that you may understand better what follows. My father was a well-known begging-letter writer, which accounts for my education; and all my family were more or less mixed up with the profession. But my governor got lagged at last, and my two brothers came to grief in another way; and I got such a sickening of the whole business, that I determined to try what honesty would do towards making my fortune. Not to bother you with what you wouldn't care to hear about, I got a footman's place at last; and two or three years later, I went into the service of Lady Spencelaugh on her marriage; and so, in course of time, found myself at Belair. I liked a footman's life well enough for some things—there was no hard work to do, and plenty of time for reading the newspapers; but, on the other hand, I seemed as far as ever from making my fortune. It was about this time that I fell in with Nance Fennell, who was living with her mother at White Grange, and I used to go there to see her as often as I could find time.

"I ought to have told you that one of my sisters was married to Charley Wing, a noted cracksman or housebreaker. Charley often professed to be sorry that I had taken to such a duffing way of getting a living; and said that a young fellow of my abilities, with proper instruction, might have done something splendid in his own line; and would often invite me to join him. One day Charley met me, and said: 'Your people often go to Sedgeley Court, and you go with them.' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'me and my pal, Bill Stackley, have got a plant on there. There's no end of plate in the house; and just at this time of the year, while they are having so much company, the old dowager keeps all her diamonds at home. Now, I want you, next time you go there, to make me a careful plan of the house, and to ascertain all you can about the position and strength of the plate-chest; and if the crack comes off all right, you shall have a fair share of the swag, and then you can marry that girl that you are so sweet on, and hook it to Australia.' I took the bait after a while, and agreed to do as he wanted. Perhaps Charley would have wanted to crack Belair, only he knew from me that while Sir Philip was away in India, all the family plate was kept at the banker's.

"At this time there was living at Belair, Lady Spencelaugh and her baby son; Master Arthur Spencelaugh, the baronet's son by his first marriage, a lad about five years old; and Miss Frederica Spencelaugh, the daughter of the last baronet, both of whose parents had died in India. After a time, Miss Frederica was sent away with her nurse to some sea-side place for the good of her health; and a few weeks after that, it was reported among us servants down stairs that Master Arthur was lying very ill up-stairs of some catching fever; and orders were given that nobody was to go near the room except the doctor, and the woman who had volunteered to nurse him. This woman was a Mrs. Winch, the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger* at Normanford, and my Lady's confidante in everything (it seems they had known one another when girls); and everybody said it was very good of her to run the risk. The doctor who saw the boy was Mrs. Winch's brother; his name was Kreefe—a lame, squint-eyed man, and not one of your swell doctors by any means. Well, Master Arthur got worse and worse, and in a few days he died—at least we were told so; and so particular was Mrs. Winch that nobody should run the risk of catching the fever but herself, that when the undertaker's men brought the coffin, she made them leave it outside the room, and said she would do the rest herself. So we were all put into black, and there was a quiet funeral one morning; and everybody thought they had seen the last of poor Master Arthur.

"On the second night after the funeral, I had an engagement to meet Crack Charley at twelve o'clock in the east plantation. We kept early hours at Belair: and at that time of night I was obliged to let myself out and in again unknown to anybody; but that wasn't difficult to manage. I had seen Charley, and was coming back along the gravelled path that runs round the east wing of the Hall, when what should I hear but a child's thin voice, that sounded close by me, but whether above or below, I couldn't tell, crying: 'Help—help! Please ask them to let me out.' I looked round, but could see nobody, and my blood ran cold all over me. I called out: 'Who the d— are you? and what place do you want to be let out of?' 'I am Master Arthur,' said the child's voice, 'and I have been shut up here ever such a long time. Oh, do please beg of them to let me out!' I swear you might have knocked me down with a sneeze when I heard these words. I had watched this lad's funeral only a few hours before, yet here he was, still alive, and speaking to me! With a good deal of bother, I made out where he was; and then I got one of the gardener's ladders, and planting it against the wall, which just there is thickly covered with ivy, I climbed up it, and so found the spot where the voice came from. It was a long narrow slit in the thick wall of what is the oldest part of the Hall, lighting a small room, which no doubt had often been used as a hiding-place in the old troubled times. This opening, as I afterwards found, was entirely hidden from the outside by a thick curtain of ivy. 'Who shut you up here, Master Arthur?' I said, speaking to him through the slit in the wall. 'My Lady, and that woman with the cat's eyes,' he said—meaning Mrs. Winch. 'How long have you been here?' I asked. 'I don't know how long, because I always feel so sleepy here; but a very long time,' he said. 'That's you, Billings, is it not? I know your voice. Will you please to shake hands with me?' I squeezed my hand into the slit as far as I could, and then I felt his cold little fingers grasp mine. 'Thank you,' he said, in his sweet, melancholy way, as he let go my hand again; and I had a very queer feeling round my heart for some minutes afterwards. I talked to him a little while longer; then he said: 'I think I must get down now, Billings—I am standing on two chairs placed on the table—as I am getting very sleepy again, and I might fall, you know. You will ask them to let me out, will you not? Good-night, and God bless you, Billings!'

"On my soul, I don't like to put it down! but I betrayed my promise to that child, and never mentioned to any one what I had seen and heard. I have done many a rascally trick in my time, but that was the wickedest of them all. Instead of doing what I ought to have done, I said to myself: 'My Lady has got a little private game of her own on here. If I can only make myself master of it, she will pay me well to keep the secret.' So I determined to keep my eyes open. I had not long to watch, for the very next night, about 11 P. M., a little covered cart, driven by Kreefe, came up to one of the side-doors; and presently Mrs. Winch came out, carrying the child in her arms, fast asleep. She got into the cart with him; the cover was tied down, and the doctor drove off with his load. I heard them say something about White Grange, so I stole away by a near footpath across the moors, and was there, hidden in the thick thorn-tree that grows just inside the boundary-wall, when Kreefe drove up to the door. Old Job Sandyson came out with a lantern, and himself carried the lad, still asleep, into the house; and there he was hidden away for six weeks in one of the top rooms of White Grange. Nance Fennell told me all about it afterwards. At the end of that time, Mrs. Winch and the doctor went one night to White Grange with the same little covered cart, and took the lad away; and as to what became of him afterwards, I know nothing, only Nance said that she happened to overhear that they were going to Liverpool. But I do happen to know that just at that very time Kreefe and his wife left Normanford; and it was given out that they had gone to America.

"Well, I thought after this that I had got a clear case against my Lady, such a one as ought to bring me in something handsome; and so it would have done, had not other things turned out badly. Sedgeley Court was safely cracked, and I got my share of the plunder; but unfortunately the police got hold of Bill Stuckley for it, and he peached when in prison; besides which, my plan of the house was found on him; so one fine morning, he and I and Charley had the pleasure of hearing that we were to be sent on our travels into foreign parts for several years to come. Before sailing, I sent a message to Lady Spencelaugh, telling her I wanted to see her on important business; but either she never got the message, or else she wouldn't come. But the secret was one that would keep, and I determined to keep it till I got back home. At the end of ten years, I found myself in the old country again, hard up. I had made up my mind that as soon as I got the means, I would run down to Belair, and pay my Lady a visit. Before I could do this, however, I fell in with an old friend of Charley's, and was persuaded to join him in a little affair, for which we both got into trouble; and the rest you know.

"And now you've got the whole boiling out of me; and my opinion is, that I am a cursed fool for my pains. I ain't a superstitious cove, but I can't help thinking if I had acted square by the lad, as I promised him, things might have gone more square with me. But, what can't be cured must be endured. One thing I do know—that writing is devoted dry work; so, now that this job is well out of hand, I'm dead nuts on to a tumbler of old rum, and a pipe of choice negro head. Yours to command,

"JIM BILLINGS."

"P. S.—I haven't bothered you with any dates in my letter, but I can give you them all as pat as ninepence, whenever you may want them."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. PENNING'S PROPOSITION.

"A very characteristic production!" said Mr. Greenhough, as Mr. Penning finished reading the ex-convict's statement. "Mr. James Billings's old skill as a begging-letter impostor has stood him in good stead in that ingenious piece of composition. Faugh! The whole narrative is redolent of the Old Bailey!"

The baronet chuckled, and then instantly became grave again, as though he had been caught in some dereliction of duty. The vicar, too, looked very grave, and was conning his notes seriously. Mr. Greenhough had a strong opinion of the vicar's clear good sense, and he felt vaguely uneasy at the expression of that gentleman's face; for the lawyer himself was quite serious in believing that the whole affair was nothing more than an ingenious conspiracy got up to defraud the rightful heir.

Lady Spencelaugh said no word, but sat quite still, with one hand clasped in that of her faithful friend, Martha Winch; and with her eyes bent mostly on Gaston—that son for whose sake she had risked so much. Gaston himself sat biting his nails moodily. The olive of his cheek had paled somewhat during the last half hour. Title, houses, and lands seemed to be slipping from under his feet in some incomprehensible way, just at the moment when he had begun to realize them as being all his own. If he were not Sir Gaston Spencelaugh, the richest baronet in all Monkshire, what would become of him, by Jove! with that threatening array of bills, and duns, and post-obits hemming him in, and stopping up every avenue of escape; and ready to swoop down upon him the moment his misfortune should get wind, and crush him remorselessly, as by the *poine forte et dure!* He would shoot himself; by Jove! that's what he would do—it was the most gentlemanly mode of writing Finis to one's Memoirs—and give them all the slip that way.

"What further evidence have you to offer in support of this extraordinary charge?" said the vicar at last, breaking a silence that was becoming oppressive to every one.

The next evidence put in by Mr. Penning was that of Margaret Fennell, at present a resident in Grellier's Almshouses; who deposed, that in a certain month of a certain year, Martha Winch, and her brother, Jeremiah Kreefe, took to the house known as White Grange a boy, apparently about five years of age; which child, after being kept locked up in the said White Grange for the space of six weeks, was taken away one evening after dark by the two before-named persons, and never seen by her, Margaret Fennell, afterwards.

Mr. Penning next brought forward the evidence of Mr. Edwin, ex-master of the Foundation School at Normanford; who deposed to having been at Liverpool on a certain day of a certain year, and to there seeing Dr. Kreefe, his wife, and Mrs. Winch, accompanied by a boy, apparently about five years old, alight from a cab at one of the docks. Mr. Edwin further deposed to seeing Mrs. Winch bid farewell to her brother and his wife; and to seeing the two latter, accompanied by the child, go on board a vessel named the *Lone Star*, which vessel, as he found from after inquiry, was advertised to sail for New York at high-water that very day.

The next piece of evidence put in by Mr. Penning was the Statement written by John English at Pevsey Bay, and sent by him to Miss Spencelaugh. Mr. Penning read this Statement aloud, as he had done the previous evidence. In it, as may be remembered, John English spoke of his early life in America with the Kreefes; and how the lame doctor had at last contrived to get rid of him. He mentioned his recognition of the doctor's portrait at the *Hand and Dagger;* and how he became acquainted with the contents of the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh; and of his sudden dismissal from Belair the day after Mrs. Winch's return to Normanford; together with various other minor matters, some of which had been brought out more strongly in the previous evidence, but all tending to establish the truth of his story.

"This concludes our case as it stands at present," said Mr. Penning as he refolded John's manuscript.

"In the absence of Mr. English, as I must still continue to call him," said the vicar, "I really don't see what further steps can possibly be taken in this matter. But perhaps Lady Spencelaugh may have something to say to all this?"

Mr. Greenhough was whispering earnestly with my Lady and Mrs. Winch, and presently he came forward, and addressing the vicar and the baronet, said: "Lady Spencelaugh desires me to deny most emphatically the truth of the allegations contained in the statements just read to you by Mr. Penning, so far as they affect her Ladyship. The evidence of the convict Billings she states to be without the shadow of a foundation in fact—at least that portion of it which relates to the late Master Arthur Spencelaugh: whether the rest of it be true or false, is a matter of no moment. Mrs. Winch, the respected landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*, is quite willing to admit that there was a child taken to White Grange by herself and brother, and that the same child was afterwards taken by Dr. Kreefe to America: but that the child in question was Master Arthur Spencelaugh, she most positively denies. At the proper time and place, Mrs. Winch will be prepared to prove who the child really was, and explain why it was found necessary to get him out of the country in such a surreptitious manner. For the rest, until this Mr. English turns up, and proves his own case more completely, and to better purpose, than his advocates have done for him, we shall sit down contented with the nine points of the law which we have in our favor. We don't think that this Mr. English will ever turn up in this neighborhood again. We believe him to have been wise in his generation, and to have 'made tracks,' as the Yankees say. Should he, however, have the rare impudence ever to show his face in this part of the country again, we are quite prepared to have him arrested as a common Impostor. Six months' oakum-picking would, I opine, go far towards checking his ambitious proclivities for the future. I may add that Lady Spencelaugh cannot but feel intensely grieved that any one for whom she has felt so warm an affection as she has for Miss Spencelaugh, should have taken a course so unwarranted, so opposed to sense and good-feeling." Here Mr. Greenhough caught the vicar's eye fixed on him, and there was something in it which told him he had better stop. "But the subject is a painful one, and I refrain from adding more," he said, and then sat down.

Mr. Penning rose. "We are not here to bandy accusations," he said, "but to set right, as far as in us lies, a great apparent wrong. As stated by me before, I am quite at a loss how to account for the absence of Mr. English; but I have no doubt that when that gentleman does return, he will be able to furnish a satisfactory explanation of what at present seems so inexplicable. It is easy to call any man an impostor; but in the present case the term is a simple absurdity, as no one knows better than Mr. Greenhough himself. The facts which have been laid before you to-day having come to Miss Spencelaugh's knowledge, too late, I am sorry to say, for Sir Philip to be made acquainted with them, Miss Spencelaugh felt that this occasion, more than any other, was the one on which she ought to relieve herself of a responsibility which she was no longer prepared to carry alone. On you, reverend sir, and on your colleague, as executors under the will of the late lamented head of this family, that responsibility must now devolve; and in the absence of the person chiefly concerned, it will rest with you to decide, from what you have heard, as to what steps, if any, you may deem it requisite to take in the present contingency. Whatever decision you may arrive at, Miss Spencelaugh will abide by; but to say, as my legal friend has said, that the lady in question ought to have kept back the evidence which you have heard this morning, is equivalent to saying that she ought to have made herself accessory after the fact to what, if our case be a genuine one, is one of the most base and cruel conspiracies that ever came within the range of my experience. I say this without the slightest imputation on any person or persons here present. We can, however, go one step further in this extraordinary business, and one only; but that step, if you are willing to sanction it, may prove a most important one in testing the value of the evidence which has been brought before you to-day—that evidence which my legal friend has denounced as a wholesale piece of imposture. Gentlemen, *we can open the coffin which is said to contain the body of Master Arthur Spencelaugh.*"

At these ominous words, a low cry of agony burst irrepressibly from the lips of Lady Spencelaugh, and a deathlike whiteness overspread her face. Gaston, thinking she was going to faint, sprang to her side; but she waved him impatiently away, and straightened herself presently, and summoned back a little color to her cheeks, as though she were afraid lest any one should see how powerfully Mr. Penning's last words had affected her. They had taken every one in the room by surprise. Mr. Greenhough was fairly puzzled. His skepticism was beginning to be shaken in spite of himself. Up to this moment, he had really looked upon the whole affair as a cleverly concocted conspiracy; but his observant eye had not failed to note Lady Spencelaugh's evident agitation; and the audacity of Mr. Penning's proposition almost took his breath away.

Mr. Penning resumed. "You, Sir Michael, are, I believe, a country magistrate; and, unless I mistake, you, reverend sir, are vicar of the parish in which the church of Belair is situate; besides which, the family vault is private property; and, as the executors of the late baronet, you have, I opine, full power in that capacity to act as I have indicated, should you think well to do so."

"Really, Mr. Penning," said the vicar, "this proposition of yours is a most extraordinary one, and one on which I and my colleague are not prepared to decide without some consideration. But, in any case, we certainly could not think of proceeding in such a matter without the concurrence of Sir Gaston Spencelaugh, whom, notwithstanding all that has been said this morning, I must still consider as the head of the family, and the owner of Belair."

"It would be rank sacrilege!" exclaimed Lady Spencelaugh, addressing herself to the company for the first time that day. All present were struck by the change in her voice, ordinarily so low, honeyed, and courteous, now so husky, and with an ill-concealed anxiety in its tones. "Gaston, my dear boy, you must not allow this thing to take place. Your father's bones will rise up in judgment against you if you do! No—no—for my sake, you must not allow it!"

"What have we to fear, mother?" said Gaston, his pale olive face looking more haggard than ever, and his under-lip twitching nervously as he spoke. "You have already stated, or rather Mr. Greenhough has for you, that the evidence we have heard this morning is a tissue of falsehoods, as far as you are concerned. Do you still adhere to that assertion?"

"I do, I do!" said the miserable woman eagerly. "All lies, Gaston dear, as far as I am concerned."

"In that case, mother, we have nothing to be afraid of," said Gaston. "To open my poor brother's coffin, under such circumstances, cannot be any sacrilege. Gentlemen," he added, coming forward to the table, "whatever permission you require from me in this case, I grant freely and fully. Act as seems best to your own judgment. For my mother and myself, I state emphatically that instead of shunning inquiry, we court it. Let your perquisition be as searching as possible; we have no fear of the result."

"But, Gaston, Gaston," implored Lady Spencelaugh in a tone of agony, "I tell you this must not be allowed! Oh, it is horrible! For my sake, Gaston, you must not allow this!"

"Mother, in such a case as this it is necessary," said Gaston firmly. "The permission I have given I cannot retract. Besides, such a proof will go far to show the utter worthlessness of this base scheme of imposture. Come; take my arm. For the present, our business here is at an end."

She gave one look into his face, and then seeing that his resolve was not to be shaken, with a low, bitter sigh, she took his arm, and allowed herself to be led from the room, Mrs. Winch following meekly.

After a long consultation with Sir Michael, the vicar announced that Mr. Penning's proposition would be acceded to; and appointed the hour of six that evening as the time for the gentlemen there present to meet at the church.

To Frederica the day had seemed a long and terrible one. She thanked Heaven fervently that it was over at last, and that the weight of the dark secret which she had carried about with her for so long a time would rest on her feeble shoulders no more. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Practical Hints.

A coating of three parts lard and one part rosin applied to farm tools of iron or steel, will effectually prevent rust.

Common nails heated red-hot and dropped into cold water will clinch and answer the purpose of wrought nails.

The sharp corner of a common Indian arrow head or flint will cut glass quite effectually.

A good wagon jack may be made of two pieces of boards, two or more feet long. Place the board in front of the wheel, one end on the ground, and the other just under one of the spokes, close up to the felly; then take hold of a spoke on the opposite side of the wheel and lift; at the same time place the second board under the axletree. In this way a loaded wagon may be lifted with ease.

Rusty nails may be drawn from wood without difficulty, by first giving them a blow hard enough to start them a little.

A gun will not need cleaning for years, if the muzzle is tightly corked, and a piece of rubber kept upon the tube under the hammer, while standing idle.

The Soldiers and "Lady Nurses."

Miss Shaw Stewart and eight attendant nurses from the Royal Military Hospital at Netley have taken up quarters in the Female Infirmary at Woolwich, and for some days past they have performed a portion of the day duties at the Herbert General Hospital, attending on the invalid soldiers, dispensing medicines, &c. The inmates complain, however, that they are unnecessarily deprived of the privilege of having their wants attended to by nurses of their own sex, provided by the well-organized Army Hospital corps, to whom they have been accustomed; and it appears to be generally considered that the introduction of the lady nurses is an innovation from which no benefit can possibly be derived. It was stated yesterday (Tuesday) that the number of patients in the Herbert Hospital amounted to about 800, and that 19 in 20 had been understood to have expressed a dislike to the attendance of female nurses being thrust upon them contrary to their desire.—*London Times.*

An Old Man's Advice.

Never attempt to strike the guilty where, by a misdirected or too hasty blow, the innocent, the gallant and the good may suffer. Never attempt to expose a villain if your efforts in so doing are likely to injure the unsuspecting dupes of his artifice. Never wager more than you carry in your pocket. Never shake hands with a man if you are not glad to see him. Never forget when you meet, to recognise your friends, and be even more careful to offer your salutations to those who are poor. Never run extravagantly into debt, for it is the by-path which leads to moral destruction. Never quarrel without sufficient cause, but if it be necessary that you take up a quarrel, then see that you quarrel firmly to the end. Never betray the confidence of any one, especially of a woman.

Plot for a Modern Romance.

A Memphis paper says that a couple ran away from their parents and got married. This took place at a station on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The father of the bride pursued; awoke the pair in the dead of night; presented pistols at the head of the bridegroom; made him consent to renounce his wife, and carried her off. The lady was chastised by mother and brothers, and confined to her room. The temporarily baffled groom obtained legal process, and sent to the house to secure her. The deputy sheriff, in charge of the affair, was made drunk by the brothers, dismissed his posse, and while in this condition the young lady was carried off by one of the household to parts unknown.

New Treatment of Cholera.

During the last ten or twelve days," says the Progrès of Lille, "the large woollen establishment of MM. Dillies, Brothers, at Roubaix, has received sixty-three cholera patients, all of which have recovered by the following means: The patient is taken into a room in which are heat generators. There he is stripped and wrapt up in an immense quantity of raw wool, until he is, so to speak, in a bath of perspiration. At a height of two yards and a-half, a trap is opened to let the vapor escape, and to renew the air. The patient, however, desperate his state, speedily begins to feel better, and the vomiting and evacuation gradually cease."

☞ A person asked Mr. Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy. "Know him!" said Pat. "Why, he's a very near relation of mine. He once proposed to marry my sister!"

☞ An English clergyman recently preached a sermon in which he said that the newspaper was a part of life's earnest self-culture.

☞ Dr. Paul Morrill, of Augusta, Maine, amused himself, when a boy, by planting apple seeds. The result is a fine orchard and seven hundred dollars net profit from it this season.

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE
GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. dec1-4t

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by *Dr.* B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. je14-6m

DIPTHERIA.

For the cure of that dreaded disease, DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a specific, if resorted to in time. It should be used, with mixed water, as a gargle, and the throat bathed with Pain Killer freely. Read what *Dr.* Walton writes us, from Coshocton, Ohio:

"I am happy to inform you that the Pain Killer cures this new disease, *Diptheria or Sore Throat*, that is prevailing to so alarming an extent in this section of the country. On Walnut Creek, Holmes county, they use scarcely any other remedy, and it has never been known to fail in a single instance when used in time. This fact you may make known to the world." dec8-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the great safeguards against disease. The pills for curing all bilious derangements, and the Ointment for glandular swellings and bronchial affections, stand unequalled. Sold by all Druggists, and at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, New York.

℞ MULTITUDES of people require an alterative, to restore the healthy action of their systems and correct the derangements that creep into it. Sarsaparillas were used and valued, until several impositions were palmed off upon the public under this name. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is no imposition. dec8-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d of Nov., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. FRANK G. SCHRACK to Miss LEAH M. WINFIELD, daughter of Chas. Winfield, both of this city.

On the 13th of Nov., by the Rev. James Cooper, Mr. JAMES SUMNER to Miss MARTHA H. STOKES, both of this city.

On the 3d of Nov., by the Rev. Danl. Washburn, ALBERT P. BERSON to Miss KATE MCCARTY, both of this city.

On the 2d of Nov., by the Rev. W. M. Rice, D. D., Mr. ALEXANDER MCWILLIAM to Miss ELIZA MOON, both of this city.

On the 30th of Nov., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. P. H. BYRNE, of Girardville, to Miss MAGGIE N. HART, of this city.

On the 19th of Nov., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN J. KING to Miss MARY A. THOMPSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Nov., ELIZABETH HARDON, in her 76th year.

On the 25th of Nov., Mrs. JANE SCOTT, in her 60th year.

On the 26th of Nov., JOHN G. FRAME, in his 42d year.

On the 25th of Nov., HENRY DIER, Jr., in his 49th year.

On the 24th of Nov., BENJAMIN C. CROSS, aged 57 years.

On the 24th of Nov., Mrs. MARGARET, relict of the late Baker Barnes, aged 80 years.

On the 23d of Nov., Mr. WILLIAM T. B. WILSON, aged 64 years.

On the 23d of Nov., WILLIAM SEVERN, in his 65th year.

On the 23d of Nov., ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Lawrence, in her 58th year.

THE GREATEST BARGAINS
In the City is Now Offered.

Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Levers, only $22; Gents' Full Jewelled Levers, warranted, only $15; American Watches, less than factory prices. Goodwill, Fire-proof, &c., for sale. Come here if you want to save money. H. MULLIGAN,
No 532 North Second St.
N. B.—Watchmakers, over 500 new Watches; large discount. nov24-4t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
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Improved Self-Acting
HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 12 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

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Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

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A. B. GATES & CO.,
335 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oct20-tf

BALL-ROOM BOOKS.—Howe's Ball-Room Hand Book, containing upwards of three hundred Dances, including the latest and most fashionable, with Illustrations, Explanation, and the most approved Figures and Calls for the Changes, &c., 50 cts.

Etiquette of the Ball-Room; or, The Dancer's Companion; containing Remarks on Etiquette, 50 sets of Cotillions and Fancy Dances; Instructions for setting Figures to Music and Music to Figures, Calling, Formation of Sets, playing Dance Music, &c., 25 cts.

Ball-Room Prompter; containing Calls for the different Changes and Figures to all the principal Quadrilles, Cotillions, Country and Fancy Dances, 12 cts. Mailed, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
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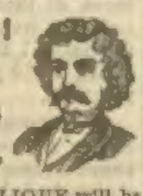
SAMPLES SENT FREE.



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THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 200 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1 50. Address F. P. BOWEN,
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ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN,
nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

You must have CLOTHING.
You want, FIRST, to get a GOOD article.
You then want it as CHEAP as POSSIBLE.
This is natural and right enough.
The question is WHERE to buy?
It is to your PERSONAL interest to consider the following facts:

There is organized in Philadelphia an immense establishment to make FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING, and to make it cheaper than CUSTOMARY. The materials are bought DIRECT from the best American and European manufacturers, and thus considerable is saved. Full prices are paid to workmen, so as to ensure substantial and handsome garments; the Salesmen and Clerks are such that customers can fully rely upon them, and every effort is made to please and suit patrons, so as to KEEP as well as make custom. The result of combined industry, system, and close application of all the employees, has secured a model establishment, a SUPERIOR style of Clothing, and VERY MODERATE prices.

This House is located at the CORNER of SIXTH STREET, and extends from MARKET TO MINOR STREETS, and is now the most extensive concern of the kind in Philadelphia.

You are asked to patronize and encourage this enterprise.

We have,
1st—Gent's Ready-Made Clothing.
2d—Special Department For Youth's and Boy's Clothing.
3d—Custom Department To Make to Order.
4th—Gent's Furnishing Goods in Large Variety.

Yours, very respectfully,
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor. 6th & Market,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ It will be well worth a visit, whether you want to buy or not.
☞ Samples sent by mail or express when desired.
oct15-3m

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
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WANTED.—SCHOOL TEACHERS, AND others, to send us the names and address of twenty teachers of public schools, and five of academies; for which we will send by mail, free, a copy of a new work entitled: "ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS!" containing the most popular patriotic effusions of the day, the rarest poetical gems, the finest specimens of oratory, and a fund of mirth and humor. This work is by a Professor of Elocution of this city, and will contain about two hundred 12mo. pages. As we are desirous to put it into the hands of every teacher in the land, we make this very generous offer.

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A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp,
MRS. M. MERRITT,
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The Great Strengthening Tonic
(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

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We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Pennypack Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
900 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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JONES & EVANS,
[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*]
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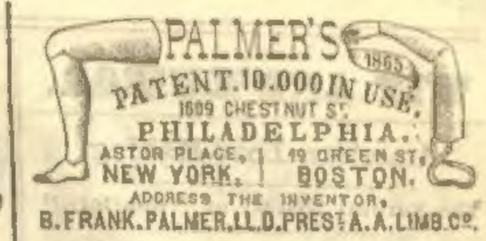

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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

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PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
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Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal Journals and of those who have used it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

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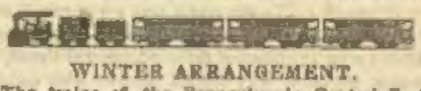

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10.00			
	A.M. &	11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at	12.00	M
PARKESBURG TRAIN	"	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at	12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.30			
	A.M. &	7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at	9.30	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
ap7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.

MONEY RETURNED

In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY" its effects are unsatisfactory. $3 a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by P. C. GODFREY only,
nov3-3m No. 3 Union Square, N. Y.

LOVE! LOVE!—Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of VENTRILOQUISM by a few hours' practice, and how to gain undying love of the fairer sex. Sent by mail, post-paid, for 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois.

WIT AND HUMOR.

American Love-Making.

The Natural History of "Courters."

Courters are as varied in their views and aspects as members of Congress on the tariff question, but not a whit more absurd.

The Bashful Courter is generally some callow youth, who has thought it necessary to make love because it is a custom of the male sex, and not on account of any ardent desire that he is inspired with. He seems half *afraid* of the courtee, seats himself in a distant corner, and fidgets nervously when she comes too near him. He will often remain dumb for an hour at a time, while the courtee has to amuse herself in the best way she can. Callers come and go, rivals pop in and out, the fleeting hours of evening pass, *mater-familias* flits into the room to see if her daughter has company, but still the B. C sits, uninteresting and uninterested, a sort of wooden Cupid, impressive from its very impassability, and dead weight. When at last approaching midnight warns the B. C. that it is time he should go home to his mother, he mutters to the yawning courtee that he thinks it is getting late, searches for his hat that he has secreted on his entrance in some out-of-the-way place, and glides like the ghost of Love past the courtee, who holds the door open for him. It is then only that he finds courage to pass a compliment on the courtee, who is so much startled by the unexpected event that she has been known immediately on his departure to ask her ma what the B. C. could possibly mean.

The B. C. is quite an enigma to most young ladies. They do not understand him, he appears so odd and out of place. Consequently, their curiosity is excited, and, as a natural consequence, their interest. To the astonishment of men who would have thought themselves disgraced in being considered his rivals, the B. C. is found to have won the belle of a circle; though how the thing was done is one of those mysteries that society and old women can never fully account for in gossipping discussions; but they are, perhaps, no more astonished than the B. C. himself, who is quite aware that he is a stick, and finds himself married he does not know how—though, perhaps, the courtee's mamma could enlighten him on the subject.

After marriage, the B. C suddenly becomes cheeky. The veil of mystery that enveloped the fair sex has been lifted, he has ceased to be awed, and becomes the most gallant man of his circle.

The Conceited Courter is the laughing-stock of the courted sex. His too manifest self-appreciation affords them immense amusement, and his self-importance they delight, after increasing, to suddenly annihilate with a blasting "No!" When the C. C. hears the word of doom pronounced, he cannot believe in the courtee's sincerity; and consequently often has to have the sentence repeated by mamma, big brother, and a horsewhip or a boot. Still the C. C. is not brought to his senses. "Though you bray a fool in a mortar," the old proverb says, and "though the C. C. has been refused a hundred times," say the courters, "you cannot drive his folly from him." The C. C. is generally possessed of good looks, and a glib tongue which far outstrips h'is turtle-like judgment. He has possessed himself of all the stupid and funny little anecdotes of current literature, and retails them by the peck. He generally has some small musical ability, which he displays on all occasions. After being snubbed or rejected several times, he cannot perceive why stupid fellows who cannot play, or sing, or tell stories, or repeat stereotyped compliments, are favorites of the fairest courtees, while he is looked on as a drug and a nuisance. At last, the C. C. becomes some old maid's or widow's victim, who enlightens him by the light of the honeymoon.

The Extravagant Courter is not necessarily rich, yet he lavishes expenditures of money on the courtee as if she were likely to be a good pecuniary investment. Courters of low instincts often pretend to be attached to the E. C., that they may receive his favors. He is generally a youth of little discretion, though sometimes he is an old bachelor, where long repressed luxuriousness is having its natural revenge. The E. C. is a most unfortunate individual. He is impelled to ruin himself financially and morally by his insane desire to bind the courtee to him with gifts. For this purpose, he often robs his employer's till, and has been known to pawn his own watch to buy a diamond ring for the courtee. His efforts at present-giving are viewed with suspicion, and sensible courtees are apt to hesitate before committing themselves with the E. C., though mercenary girls look at him as a harvest, indeed.

Large cities are generally infested with E. C.'s, and employers should oftener inquire into the style of their *employes'* courtships, than as to their religious or political opinions. Certainly there is more pecuniary interest in the inquiry—for, as clerks say, "It is the boss who pays for the wagon" when the E. C. goes a riding with his Mary Ann. There is a vulgar idea that half of the young swells who delight their courtees with Sunday riding, have no stockings under their boots, and that an hour before the ride, the E. C. is in distress trying to borrow a shirt, as his own have been seized by an exasperated unpaid washerwoman, in consequence of the boss looking "too sharp" after the cash-box. Be that as it may, the E. C. often stands at the bar of Justice instead of the altar of Hymen.

The Shoppist Courter is the gentleman who enlightens his courtee on the business transactions of the day. He never makes love directly. By asserting that rice or sugar has advanced, and that he has a large stock on hand, he thinks he conveys to the mind of his courtee that he is soon likely to be in a position to marry, and of course she is knowing enough to discover who is the fortunate bride-elect. The S. C. is a great nuisance to the fair sex. Few ladies care to hear dissertations on the stock market; and the intricacies of the last trial case of the constitutionality of a law bewilder a young courtee, even when expounded by a handsome young lawyer; but when a dry-goods merchant amorously informs his courtee that silks are rising, she must feel disgusted; or when a petty dealer fondly hopes that his courtee must sympathize with him in the fall of oil, paint, and putty, it must be expected that Love will rush out of the room for a scent-bottle.

The Jealous Courter is an ill-conditioned dog who keeps up a growling and barking, to the disgust of all who have anything to do with him. How the courtee ever consents to wed him is, at first sight, a mystery. That many-springed elliptic, the female mind, has peculiar and startling methods of action, revealing its secrets only

THE PET PARSON.

AUNT CONSTANCE.—"What, Beatrice, not kiss *Mr. Goodchild?*"
BEATRICE.—"*No!* I *won't!*"
AUNT CONSTANCE.—"What! not when he asks you *himself?*"
BEATRICE.—"No! *NO! NO!!!*"
CHORUS OF AUNTS.—"What an extraordinary child!!"

when pressed against, and, when unexcited, appearing flat and uninteresting. A courtee, when she was warned by her friend against a J. C., and numerous soothsayers were foretelling all sorts of rough things for the future, if she did not give the J. C. the mitten, replied that she felt flattered by the jealousy of her lover; it showed that he was on the watch, and felt interested; she would not have one of those tame men who did not care whether or no she flirted, for then there was no pleasure in coquetting; but to have a jolly row and a quarrel, and a slamming of the door, and looks of defiance on meeting, and notes of apology, and the bliss of reconciling huggings, these were pleasures indeed—it was like the delicious evening after a summer thunder-storm.

The J. C., after marriage, often astonishes all his friends by proving the least jealous of all husbands. It would seem that, having only just so much jealousy to expend, he had exhausted his stock during courtship, and left none to embitter the sweets of matrimony.

The Seven-Years' Courter is the horror of a household. He is often the cause of bitter recriminations and utter desperation in a family. When quite a young man he visits very closely, and gladdens the heart of mamma, with a host of marriageable daughters, who flatters herself that one of her live stock is soon to find a market. A year or two pass by, and mamma becomes somewhat fidgety, and is apt to receive the S. Y. C. with haughty looks and a little unaffected displeasure. The poor courtee, after her lover's departure, is subjected to all sorts of cross-questionings as to what he said and did, and if he expressed any intentions or even mooted any hints. Nothing is elicited. The S. Y. C. comes every day in the week, and stays all day on Sundays. He has evidently made up his mind to be one of the family, and does his best to make all consider him to be at home. At last, in utter disgust, and in sheer desperation, the mamma informs her daughter that she must find out what the S. Y. C. means, or she herself will. Then, horror of matronly horrors to the impatient maternal ear! Lucy informs her mother that she has made with Charlie a long engagement. The loving maternal calls her daughter fool, goose, stupid, and other sweet endearing terms, and there is a weeping and wailing and flirting of skirts. *Mater* rushes up stairs to disturb snoring *pater's* peace, and vent her bursting indignation on his night-capped head. He philosophically, though sleepily, asserts that it isn't as bad as it might be. This adds fuel to the fire of *mater's* wrath, and she makes up her mind that there shall be no sleep that night. Meantime a willowy figure has been slobbering and blubbering, and, after wildly resolving to commit suicide, run away, and work for a living, becomes more quiet, and sternly determines to stick to Charlie at all hazards—then mildly goes to bed. Next morning revives the maternal lecture; there is excitement in the house; entreaties, tears, slamming of doors, scoldings. Every one—the children, impudent brother Tom, even Biddy—knows that Lucy has made a long engagement. Her sisters jeer at her, and her brothers leer at her; worse, the servant offers her sympathy. However, Lucy is firm. She will wait for Charlie, though it were a hundred years. He comes every night. The other young ladies of the family meet him. He is in the way. He is always in the parlor. There is no privacy in the house. They cannot feel at liberty with their company, for he is always looking on. However, they are married, have children; christenings succeed weddings; deaths follow births; a new generation is sprouting up—and poor Lucy, seeing the marks of progress all around her, feels old and deserted, though she is still haunted by her S. Y. C. Nobody teases her now; she is severely let alone. The meekest of virgins can endure it no longer; she informs the S. Y. C that he has worn out all the chairs in the house, and her mother can't afford to buy new ones for him. He considers the remark an insult; quarrels, leaves, vowing never to return. But the force of habit brings him back next night, when he sees mamma, who arranges that he will become a Benedict in a month from date—or after seven years of courtship. Months of courtship may be very sweet, but years of linked sweetness long drawn out become like stale sausages, nauseous—and should be abolished by the Board of Health.

The One-Month Courter, in these fast days, when there is no time for lagging or wasting on preliminaries, is the *beau ideal* of courters. In courtship, as in everything else, there is only just so much happiness. Long courtships are like weak tea, too much diluted to be agreeable; while short courtships are the highly-condensed sip of pleasure—little in quantity, it is true, but what there is of them is the double distilled essence. The O. M. C. is generally an experienced man, who has his time so well employed that he has none to spare for dawdling. He looks on courtship as the introduction to marriage, and never thinks of courting a woman whom he would not be united with. Being well acquainted with his courtee before he pays her attentions, all the silly dilly-dallyings of less straightforward men are by him avoided. As everything he says means something, he finds no difficulty in coming to the point of rejection or acceptance. Neither the courtee or her mamma are the least startled when he makes an offer after the short term of one month's attentions, any more than they would be surprised to hear that a locomotive travelled as far in an hour as a wagon in a day.

Strange, though the mothers are unanimously in favor of O. M. C., the daughters do not like such hasty wooing. They hesitate and deliberate; they have not had the time necessary to try their little feminine experiments, and they are as likely to resent over-hasty as over-tardy wooing. In the meantime, the O. M. C. is off to another market. His motto is, "Quick sales and sure returns." He does not know that, in every woman's disposition, as in chicken-pie, there is so much venom, and that Nature provides courtship as the hole through which the noxious vapors are to escape. Ignorant of this great fact, the O. M. C. enjoys the crudities and acerbities which should have been removed in a reasonable term of courtship, and the first year of his married life is apt to be a stormy one. But then, in affairs matrimonial, as in other matters, wisdom comes by experience, and few are competent to act wisely till they have buried "their second"—and some not even then.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Columns.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Plough Late and Early.

Make two applications of the rule, order, or advice, and plough late and early, days as well as seasons. In early fall and late spring ploughing, when the weather grows uncomfortably warm in the middle of the day, plough early and late—in the cool of the morning and evening, permitting your teams to lie by and recuperate during the middle of the day. It is good economy, and practical common sense. If you feel particularly industrious yourself, you may "potter" round to good advantage during the eating and resting hours of the team. You are legally at liberty to wear yourself out by early and late and between-while labor as fast as you can; but morally you have no right to murder dumb brutes by excessive labor and scanty feed.

What is meant here by the text is that ploughing ought to be continued as late in the fall as possible, and begun as early in the spring as the condition of the soil will permit. The arguments in favor of late fall and early spring ploughing are the same. The first is that by ploughing at such seasons, a good many millions of grubs, worms, bugs, etc., put away carefully in the soil to keep till warm weather, and then come out in droves, herds and swarms of insect pests, inimical to vegetation, will be destroyed in embryo by being turned out of house and home into the cold. It is next to a certainty that both wire and corn-cut worms might be so nearly annihilated by the continued practice of ploughing late in the fall, and early in spring, that in the third year there would be few complaints heard of their piratical depradations.

The second, and almost as important reason for late and early ploughing, is that the soil being disintegrated by the action of rain, frost, and wind, absorbs fertility from the atmosphere as sponge does water, thus becoming rapidly enriched, and saving in the non-necessity of applied manure more than would cover the cost of ploughing twofold. We are familiar with two experiments made in Fairfax county, Va., on what were called "worn-out" tobacco farms, in which a high state of fertility was restored to a soil so nearly dead that it would not produce even sedge grass, by simply ploughing late in the fall, and as early in the spring as the plough could be run without making mortar as it went. A healthy condition and large producing capacity was communicated to the soil by the plough alone. The principle is correct, philosophy good, practice confirms both, and experiments have been so many times satisfactorily successful, that late and early ploughing ought long before this time to have become agricultural gospel.

Origin of Rinderpest.

We have been asked five-score times such questions as these:—"What is Rinderpest?" "Where does it come from?" "How does it originate?" etc., etc. We have seen something of the plague in Europe; but the best reply we have to offer to all the questions at once is the following extract from the late letter of a brother living in the heart of Russia, and who for nineteen years has been a railroad Russian:

"Central Russia, in Europe, is the great cattle producing region of the old world, affording more horned stock taken by count than all Continental Europe besides. In bulk, however, our stock are not quite mammoth. It would not require a Mike to shoulder a Russian cow and walk away with her comfortably. From what I read of your Yankee strong man, Dr. Winship, I think he would easily hug up a Russian four-year old under each arm. Here in the Ukraine the average weight of cows at maturity, not fatted for market, but taken from the pasture, is about four hundred pounds. Small, certainly; but hardy little animals. You would think so to see a thousand of them herded together, out doors in winter, a Russian winter, too. But the fall, before frosts harden the ground, and in spring after the break up are the hardest seasons for horned stock. Crowded into corrals so filthy that in our country we have no name for such bovine horrors—mud and animal excrement, and decomposed, rotting animals, constituting a muck belly-deep, eating straw and coarse hay forage, pitched in, in scanty supplies, often tugging mouthfuls of the sodden, filthy food up out of the vile slum, and shaking it before masticating as a terrier does a rat, and then when thirst torments to reckless indifference, the poor brutes suck from the surface of the putrid poison liquid, thus imbibing, inhaling, and eating with every mouthful of repulsive food, disease and death.

"Here, in the Ukraine, sometimes half the herd of a thousand head, it may be, die in the corral, and are trodden into the foul filth by the survivors, and oftentimes entire herds are frozen alive into the sickening slime, and thus half buried while yet breathing, die by lingering tortures of hunger and thirst. It is here, too, in the heart of Russia that murrain, bloody flux, pleuris, pneumonia, and rinderpest, with divers other bovine plagues are engendered, born, bred, perpetuated, and sent abroad over western and central Europe, infectious, and becoming epidemic wherever the climate is not so severe as to literally freeze the disease and diseased animal to death together. It is only because the intense cold of our Ukraine winters actually freeze the murrain and rinderpest to death that any of our horned stock are left alive."

How to Save Sweet Potatoes.

As the spring prices of sweet potatoes will average about quadruple those realized during the fall, and as our neighbors across in Jersey produce generally about three-times as many as the fall demand calls for at largely remunerative rates, it will be a pretty good plan for them and all others to learn how to keep sweet potatoes sound and good through the winter. In this way we have done it a good many times, and don't see any reason why any other man or woman may not do it just as well—

Firstly, handle sweet potatoes with great care. They will not bear banging about. Then to keep, get casks—any old second-hand hardware casks or cheap sugar hogsheads will do. Have one cask of a size to set within another, with a few inches space between. Have the inner cask full of holes like an oyster barrel—place first in the bottom of the inner cask three inches or so of clean, bright straw, or dry, salt hay. Then put in carefully a layer of potatoes, then more litter, and so on till the cask is full. In a week the potatoes will have passed through the sweating process, then fill the space between the two casks with hay, straw or dry leaves, and cover over with boards. The casks should be placed in a cool, dry cellar, where the change of temperature is but slight during the winter.

Curing and Keeping Hams.

Unless the weather is warm so that they are liable to taint, all hams should lie and shrink at least three days after being cut and trimmed. Then weigh, and for each pound of meat one ounce of saltpetre, and add it to a brine as strong that no more salt will dissolve in it, the brine having been first scalded. About twenty days will be the medium length of time that the hams should remain submerged in the brine—five days more for large, and five less for very small ones. Then lay out and let them drain three days before hanging in the smoke-house. Having been sufficiently smoked wipe off clean all soot, cobwebs and dirt, and then rub thoroughly over every part of the hams a mixture made pretty thick of good, ground black pepper and Etherage, made liquid by three-times the weight of common, neat's-foot glue dissolved in water. This will cost perhaps two cents per ham, and saves all canvasing or whitewashing, and hang them up where you will in any cool, dry place—no fly, worm or bug will ever molest them, and your hams thus prepared will keep sound and sweet a century, if you don't eat them sooner.

Gathered Grains.

——Near Dale City, Iowa, a farmer drove seventy-two head of two year old steers from the pasture to the scales, and after they had been twelve hours without eating or drinking, and seven of them brought down the scale at the following weights: 1,320, 1,280, 1,250, and four averaged 1,227 pounds, the entire herd averaging 1,030 pounds. Pretty good for Iowa two year olds.

——Somebody said that common soda, pearl ash or magnesia, would keep milk good and sweet a long time. We heard somebody say that and tried it several times. Never kept any milk that way though, that was much like milk after keeping it ten minutes by the patent process.

——If you wish to fatten a goose quick, and with the least possible trouble, shut her up in a pretty dark, dry place, with another goose or a gander, it don't matter which. Feed ten times a day and give clean, cold water to drink often. One goose never fattens well alone.

——In consequence of the death of so many cows in England, a great many people have taken to goats' milk, and goats have gone up to eight guineas. Plenty of goats in England, and here, too, not worth eight pence. Wouldn't be, if they gave milk.

——A farmer up in Lebanon has had three swarms of bees come out since the beginning of Indian summer. So they say. Don't know who "they" are, or where those three swarms are going to get honey.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 20, 3, 12, 1, 6, 7, is a light colored metal.
My 15, 2, 18, 3, 7, is found in every church.
My 23, 4, 9, 16, 14, is a small sailing vessel.
My 10, 22, 11, 21, is a girl's name.
My 19, 13, 7, 17, 2, is a month.
My 1, 13, 5, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is found in Massachusetts.

"EMPEREUR."

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 7, 3, 9, is a division of time.
My 1, 4, 2, is necessary to life.
My 3, 5, 7, 6, is a nickname.
My 7, 4, 1, 2, 9, is a record of events.
My 6, 8, 2, 5, is a story.
My whole often causes disappointment.

Bakerstown, Pa. E. J. G.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 1, 5, 7, 6, 2, is a state.
My 2, 6, 3, 1, 7, 2, 9, are very troublesome.
My 3, 5, 7, 6, was a murderer.
My 4, 2, 6, is a fowl.
My 3, 6, 7, 9, 2, is a plant.
My 6, 5, 3, 2, is what we all own.
My 7, 6, 3, 4, belongs to measurement.
My 8, 5, 6, 2, is used in walking.
My 9, 7, 6, we should all turn from.

My whole is a class of men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. S. D.

Vernon, Mich.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a boy's nickname.
My second is a letter of the alphabet.
My third is a bird.
My whole is used by the Indians.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two companies of boys went to steal apples, and each boy got as many apples as there were boys in his company. Also all the boys in the larger company got 39 apples more than all the boys in the small company; the whole number collected was 89. How many boys were there?

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five adventurers united their available effects, and embarked in speculation in company. Of the whole capital, A and B furnished $720; C and D put in $960, and A and E invested $880. When they dissolved their partnership and retired from business, A and C together took $570 as their share of the profits; B and D jointly received $690 as their portion of the gain, and C and E together got $750 for their quota of the profits. Required—the sum each invested, and the sum gained by each individual.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a lever of the 2nd order a weight of 112 pounds acting at the distance of half an inch from the centre of motion balances a weight of 8 pounds. At what distance from the centre of motion does the power act, suppose each inch of the lever to weigh 1-28 of a pound?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ How is it that homely women have the clearest heads? Ans.—It is according to the rule laid down by St. Paul: "To the pure all things are pure, even as to the plain all things are plain."

☞ When is music like vegetables? Ans.—When there are four *beats* to the measure.

☞ Why is the top of a bald man's head like the North Pole? Ans.—Because it is a great *bear* (bare) place.

☞ Why is crinoline like an obstinate man? Ans.—Because it often stands out about trifles.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Cyrus W. Field. ENIGMA—"Give us the Saturday Evening Post." RIDDLE—United.

Answer to Eli Flint's GRINDSTONE PROBLEM of Sept. 22nd—There will be consumed 1340.8306 cubic inches in cutting the whole for the crank. Artemas Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 14th—$x+y=7(1)$ and $x+y^2=11(2)$. Lewis Lebus.

☞ The value of common soil as a deodorizer is very little understood. The top soil of open ground, especially if it be light and dry, will, if thrown or sifted over decaying matter or over night soil, render these materials innoxious, and convert them in the end into most valuable fertilizers. There is importance—and profit also—in this simple fact for every householder, and if it is taken advantage of, will promote health and comfort.

☞ A sick man was telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming! delightful! pray go on!" and, when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"